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Astrology in the White House

**Excerpts
From
Don Regan's
Explosive
Memoirs**



Plus
**Reagan's
Laid-Back
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**An Insider's
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COVER: An explosive memoir exposes 24 some embarrassing White House secrets

In exclusive excerpts from his forthcoming book, former White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan tells how Nancy Reagan's astrologer all but controls the President's schedule—and how the First Lady controls much besides that. ▶ Mrs. Reagan's "Friend" with the star charts is Joan Quigley, a Nob Hill socialite with several books to her credit. See NATION.



BUSINESS: How safe is the aging fleet 62 of jet planes operated by U.S. airlines?

The shocking Aloha Airlines accident, in which the roof blew off a worn Boeing 737, has heightened doubts about management and maintenance. The Aloha episode is only the most dramatic of mechanical snafus that have ranged from clogged fuel filters to cracked turbine blades. For at least one airline, Eastern, accusations of lax upkeep are scaring away some customers.



EDUCATION: Stanford enters its second 74 century and jostles the Ivies at the top

An idyllic climate, high-powered athletics, a healthy endowment and a commitment to academic excellence combine to make Palo Alto one of the hottest spots on the map of American higher education—and a major headache for admissions officers at rival colleges. Cornell University President Frank Rhodes calls it "one of the world's great institutions."



42 Nation

Working parents need care for their children, but the candidates disagree on how to help. ▶ Veep speculation: too much, too soon.

82 Photography

The late Garry Winogrand, poet of the mundane, is honored in a major new exhibit as "the central photographer of his generation."

48 World

Polish riot police answer worker demands with force. ▶ Two sets of French captives are freed. ▶ Bizarre charges in Chile.

97 Video

TV's crime-fighting hit *America's Most Wanted* is just one of several shows that are blurring the line between fact and fiction.

73 Medicine

A surgeon announces the promising debut of a miniature heart pump that can save lives. ▶ An AIDS pamphlet for every U.S. home.

98 Theater

Rock Singer Madonna makes a controversial Broadway debut in Playwright David Mamet's ferocious comedy hit *Speed-the-Plow*.

81 Show Business

Play a simple melody, wrote Irving Berlin, and he came up with nearly 1,500 tunes. America's favorite songwriter turns 100.

100 Essay

Astrology was once a statelier thing. Now it has become somewhat frowsy, but retains its seductive powers.

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Cover: Photomontage by Ulf Skogsgberg (the White House by Peter Gridley—FPG International)

A Letter from the Publisher

Senior White House Correspondent Bartlett Seaman was six miles above the Atlantic when he got his first look at Donald Regan's book *For the Record*. It was a heady experience. "I had been asked to read the manuscript and offer an opinion as to whether TIME ought to publish excerpts from it," recalls Seaman, who took the memoirs of the former White House chief of staff along on a vacation to the Bahamas last March. "Settling in for the flight to Nassau, I picked up the text. Not a minute later, almost involuntarily, I let forth a cry that caused several passengers to turn in their seats." By the time his plane had landed, Seaman knew that TIME and the book's publisher, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, had a best seller on their hands.

The problem was keeping it quiet. While cutting the 397-page tome down to cover-story length, Seaman had to take special care not to arouse the curiosity of fellow reporters, especially about the manuscript's stunning disclosure of Nancy Reagan's obsession with astrology. "All it would take would be one small hint, one drop of evidentiary blood in the water, and the sharks would go on a feeding frenzy," he says. "For a week or so, I felt almost like an Administration insider trying to keep a scoop away from my colleagues." Seaman's work benefited from the experience



Seaman watching Regan putter around

gained in half a dozen years of dealing with Regan. "I first met him when I was TIME's Washington news editor and he was Treasury Secretary," says Seaman. "He was more engaging than I expected from reading about him." By 1985, when Regan swapped jobs with White House Chief of Staff James Baker, Seaman was covering the White House. "Regan's efforts to crack down on press leaks made my life considerably more difficult," Seaman reports. "But Regan remained engaging personally."

Ultimately, the decision to print excerpts of *For the Record* had less to do with personality than with history. "We thought a look at an Administration still in power by someone who had been the President's right-hand man for two years and a Cabinet officer for four years would be of extraordinary interest," says Executive Editor Ronald Kriss, who edited the excerpts. "Most of the people mentioned are still on the political stage. That makes the book particularly sensitive." So sensitive that first-time readers, like Seaman over the Atlantic, can be excused an occasional outburst.

Robert L. Miller

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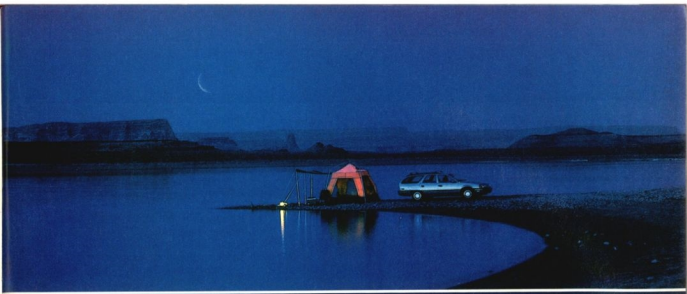
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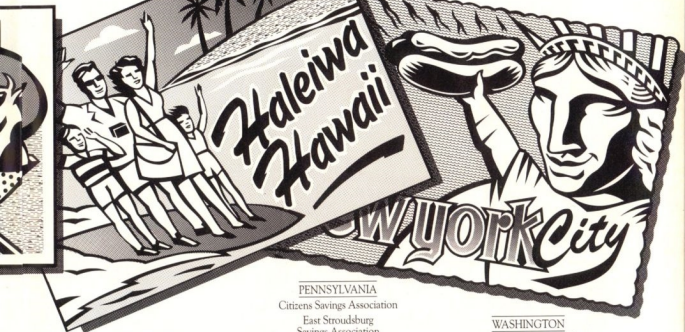
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"UNITY"

by Gary C. Anderson, 22

Utah State University

Instructor: Glen Edwards

Logan, Utah



In a few short months starting guns will fire and a battle of the best will begin at the Summer Olympic Games in Seoul. It will be a battle without bloodshed. A war without losers. For when the nations of the world join together in the spirit of friendly competition, the triumph is collective.

Says Gary Anderson, winner in a national student art contest to aid the U.S. Olympic team, "My entry

was inspired by the vision of athletes uniting in peace to bring honor to their countries and to the world."

Your tax-deductible contribution can help make Gary Anderson's vision a reality for U.S. Olympians. Please mail to the U.S. Olympic Committee, TIME Fund '88, Colorado Springs, CO 80950. Or call toll-free: 1-800-847-2872. We'll send you an official pin to show you're part of the team.

This message contributed to the U.S. Olympic Committee by TIME Magazine

Letters

Disney Genius

To the Editors:

I believe in magic. In a world gone mad, Chairman Michael Eisner of Disney's empire [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, April 25] has managed to restore a sense of wonder and enchantment. May he continue to look at the world from a child's perspective, and may his dreams be filled with kingdoms yet to come.

Kevin Maloney
Parma, Ohio



As a contract writer at Disney in 1966-67, I worked on a daily basis with the creative people who oversaw motion-picture production after Walt Disney's death. Your article is absolutely correct in saying that the question "What would Walt have done?" pervaded the corridors when the staff was considering new ideas. As you indicated, there was sentiment both verbal and implied that Roy Disney was Walt's "idiot nephew." Ironical, isn't it, that the idiot was the one with enough insight and acumen to help turn the company around? Sweet and well-deserved revenge for a very nice man.

Myles Wilder
Los Angeles

You did not mention the interminable standing in line at the theme parks. Does Eisner have to wait two hours to take the Star Tours ride? I think it is tragic that Americans are willing to be treated like cattle, endlessly biding their time in switchback queues just to have a 4½-minute thrill. Is our need for entertainment so desperate that we not only endure such human indignity but pay handsomely for it as well?

Rosemary Allen
Mendocino, Calif.

I look forward to comparing what I saw on a visit to Disney World and Epcot Center in Florida with France's future Euro Disneyland. I found Disney World exciting and somewhat astonishing: it is so American (this is not a pejorative com-

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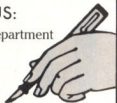
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Financially, so doctors could monitor the effect this incredible journey was having on the human body.

And with our walking shoes, so that our engineers could better understand the effect an 11,208 mile walk was having on our products.

But as dramatic as Rob Sweetgall's walk was, for us it was just another step in our on-going commitment.

In 1985, we formed the Rockport Walking Institute, the nation's first organization dedicated to research and education on walking.

Its effects have already been felt. In articles, seminars, walking clubs, and most important of all, in the Rockport Fitness Walking Test.™

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tendon and a seam construction that helps prevent blisters.

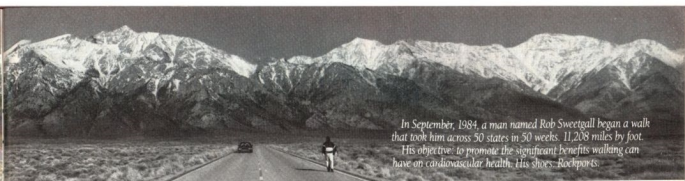
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(Don't laugh.

All it takes is a 45-minute walk at a decent pace everyday).

The point is, overall, you'll start feeling a whole lot better. As you discover what 55 million people have already discovered: walking is as one cardiologist described, "the best exercise for conditioning for the vast majority of Americans."

The next step? If you have any questions, write us and we'll try and answer them. If you'd like a copy of the Rockport Fitness Walking Test, we'll send you one. If, however, you're already

sold on walking then hopefully we've also sold you on something else: a pair of our walking shoes.

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Letters

ment) that I wonder if the French people who will work in Euro Disneyland can be as cheerful, well educated and patriotic as American staffers are. I spoke with foreigners employed at Epcot, and they told me that their jobs are not that much fun: you do what you are asked, stay where you are told, and smile. Otherwise, you go back to your home country.

Isabel Fleury
Saumur, France

Understanding Nixon

I hadn't reflected on Richard Milhous Nixon for years, but your superbly provocative article [PROFILE, April 25] clung to me for days like a shroud. As I read the Profile, I kept wondering what Nixon would think of it. How scary to be understood that well.

Bernadette Nelson
Phoenix

Yes, Nixon lied, and, yes, we should not condone or tolerate his type of behavior anywhere in government. Still, your treatment of him lacked judgment. Your writer never allowed Nixon to get a word in. He did not provide Nixon with a fair hearing and gave us a caricature of an oddly durable man.

Bob Kindel
New York City

Be assured that there are other Americans who are amazed that Nixon's character seems pure and clean, like his sunshine-think carpet, only a brief time after having been stained by the soggy mud of his presidential scandals.

Edith McGandy
Boston

If Nixon were to drive through town, I would cheer wildly and enthusiastically from the roadside. If he ran for President again, I would vote for him.

Robert M. Logan
Sacramento

Exams for Tots

Whether the evaluation of a child comes from formal testing or is based mainly on a teacher's comments, the entire concept of failing kindergarten [EDUCATION, April 25] is absurd. Kindergarten should be a transition from the home world to the real world. If a child comes out of it able to stay away from his mother for six hours without crying, he's magna cum laude. Unfortunately, kindergarten has now become first grade rather than a preparation for education.

Ron Bilt
Peekskill, N.Y.

My son "failed" kindergarten five years ago and from then on carried a stigma that prevented him from functioning in the same school system. After he received straight F's in the fourth grade, we

sent him to another school. His next report card had four A's, two B's and two C's (one a C-plus). Schools expect too much of our five-year-olds.

Susan Blakey
O'Fallon, Ill.

Paton's Remembrance

How like Alan Paton, the author who gave the world *Cry, the Beloved Country*, to pay tribute to the poignant words of other men in his last work [ESSAY, April 25]. We mourn this man whose prose was poetry. His death brings to mind his words: "The great red hills stand desolate, and the earth has torn away like flesh."

Pat Murphy Garst
Frankfort, Ky.

We will long remember Paton's keen insights into societal issues, but most of all, we will cherish his buoyant faith in human possibilities.

Christopher Garriott
Front Royal, Va.

Too Many Medical Tests?

Although diagnostic procedures and tests may be overused by physicians, as you report [MEDICINE, April 25], the idea of allowing insurance companies to refuse to pay for tests they feel are unneeded is a myopic solution to this problem. The industry would have the power to regulate medical care. How many patients would rest comfortably knowing that their diagnostic evaluations and resultant treatments were being orchestrated by third-party insurance administrators who had neither expertise nor a firsthand knowledge of the patients' medical conditions?

Richard C. Yocum, M.D.
San Marcos, Calif.

Many people will not accept the diagnosis of the doctor unless shown a test that "proves it." Some overweight patients refuse to believe the cause of their obesity is simply related to too much food and too little exercise. "It must be hormonal," they cry. "But you have none of the symptoms," replies the doctor. Still they persist. Both physicians and patients are responsible for demanding laboratory tests when none are needed.

Barbara C.S. Soyser, M.D.
Dearborn Heights, Mich.

High Standards

In your article on retailing, "No Holds Barred" [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, April 11], you attribute to us a statement that only 33 of 300 large U.S. retailers have met a standard of 15% return on stockholders' equity. That is not correct. We have reported that only 33 of some 300 public retailing corporations have met our standards for "high achievement companies" in three consecutive annual studies based on five-year performance as

measured by three criteria: sales growth, profit growth and rate of return on assets. Actually, 125 of these companies exceeded a 15% return on stockholders' equity in the most recent of these studies.

William R. Davidson, Chairman
Executive Committee
Management Horizons
Dublin, Ohio

TIME regrets the error.

Reagan-Speakes

The wailing and moaning because former White House Spokesman Larry Speakes put words in Reagan's mouth [NATION, April 25] is great comedy when one remembers the goofy things the President has said. There were all those explanations that "what he really meant was..." Since so many of Reagan's most memorable quotes are lines from old movies, a couple of fresh remarks should be appreciated all the more.

Shirley Fuller Cox
Bakersfield, Calif.

What is all the fuss and furor about Larry Speakes' comments? He was merely trying to make Reagan look good and sound smart.

Magda K. Jensen
Oakland

Out of the Closet

Reading the obituary of Jim ("Fibber McGee") Jordan [MILESTONES, April 11] reminded me of stories told by my late father Ed Ludes, who set up the sound-effects department for NBC Radio in Hollywood. An early *Fibber McGee and Molly* script called for McGee to open an over-filled hall closet and for the contents to spill out. No description was given of how it was to sound. Dad used to say that a running gag had to be simple and direct, and to that end he used a set of sound-effects stairs about six steps high. On the steps, he placed pots, pans, tin cans, skates and other assorted items from the studio's "crash tubs." When the time came for the closet incident, Dad began throwing junk off the bottom step, then worked his way up, making certain that each item hit the stairs below as it fell. When the last piece cleared the bottom step, Dad paused and then dropped a small hand bell. The routine took about 15 seconds. To the studio audience the sight of a sound man working so frantically was as funny as the resulting noise on the radio. It was a surefire formula, and "Fibber McGee's closet" entered the English language as a popular metaphor.

Penny Ludes Alexander
Long Beach, Calif.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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Critics' Choice

BOOKS

THE DEATH OF METHUSELAH AND OTHER STORIES by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$17.95). At 83, the Yiddish yarn spinner shows undiminished power to capture the peculiar din of human commerce.

ELIA KAZAN: A LIFE by Elia Kazan (Knopf; \$24.95). A bruising, unbridled autobiography by a noted film and theatrical director and force of nature.

THE DAY OF CREATION by J.G. Ballard (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$17.95). The quest for a hidden river in the Sahara unleashes a mythic adventure. Splendid surrealism from the author of *Empire of the Sun*.

CINEMA

ARIA. Assign ten directors to work daft magic on ten of opera's greatest hits, and the result is this beguiling pastiche

of long-haired "videos." Ken Russell wins top prize for his *Turandott* dream sequence.

WHITE MISCHIEF. The African sun sets British blue blood sizzling in a steamy adaptation of James Fox's chronicle of decadence and murder in the Kenyan colony.

BEEETLEJUICE. Is it the fey humor or the calypso tunes that have made this movie a monster hit? Most likely it is Michael Keaton's turbdrive performance as a haunt who is hot to party.

MUSIC

TRACY CHAPMAN: TRACY CHAPMAN (Elektra). Forthright, angry new folk music from a 24-year-old Bostonian. Short on subtlety, maybe, but supple and generous of heart.

ZIGGY MARLEY AND THE MELODY MAKERS: CONSCIOUS PARTY (Virgin).

Fleet reggae, produced by two members of the Talking Heads. Bob Marley's son not only carries on his father's tradition but advances it.

BARTOK: SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS AND PERCUSSION; BRAHMS: "HAYDN" VARIATIONS (CBS). Conductor Georg Solti hits the keyboard, joining Pianist Murray Perahia in a rousing pair of masterworks for two pianos.

THEATER

CHESS. Trevor Nunn (*Cats*, *Les Misérables*, *Starlight Express*) directs a fourth Broadway musical barn burner, mixing board games, romance, East-West relations and a superb rock score.

JOE TURNER'S COME AND GONE. Playwright August Wilson tops his last Broadway hit, *Fences*, with a mystical and moving slice of life set in a black boardinghouse in 1911.

THE TALE OF LEAR. Japanese avant-garde Director Tadashi Suzuki and four U.S. regional theaters jointly create an incantatory short version of Shakespeare's tragedy, now at StageWest in Springfield, Mass.

TELEVISION

THE TRIAL OF BERNHARD GOETZ (PBS, May 11, 9 p.m. EDT on most stations). New York City's subway vigilante in the drama based on trial transcripts.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BOB (NBC, May 16, 8 p.m. EDT). On the occasion of his 85th, America's Mount Rushmore of comedy, Bob Hope, is feted in a three-hour prime-time special.

BABY M (ABC, May 22 and 23, 9 p.m. EDT). Fresh off the front page: JoBeth Williams portrays Mary Beth Whitehead, the surrogate mother who launched the famous custody battle.

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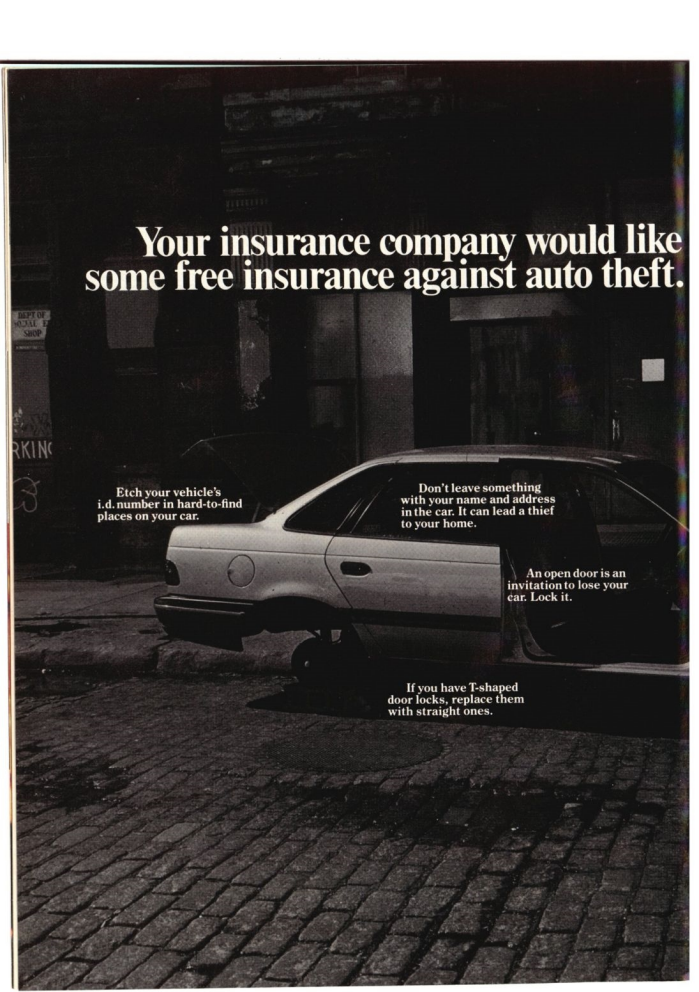
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May 21-22	Orangeburg, South Carolina	June 20	Buffalo, New York	July 23	Concord, California
May 23-24	Greensboro, North Carolina	June 21-22	Columbus, Ohio	July 24	Sebastopol, California
May 25	Baltimore, Maryland	June 23-24	Bloomington, Indiana	July 25	Sacramento, California
May 26-27	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	June 25-26	Madison, Wisconsin	July 26	Chico, California
May 28	Saddlebrook, New Jersey	June 27	Dubuque, Iowa	July 27-28	Eureka, California
May 29-31	New York City, New York	June 28-29	Minneapolis-St. Paul, MN	July 29-Aug. 6	Retreat on the West Coast
June 1	Kinderhook, New York	June 30-July 1	Lincoln, Nebraska	July 31	Cottage Grove, Eugene, Oregon
June 2	Martha's Vineyard, MA	July 2-4	Denver, Boulder, CO	August 7-8	Portland, Oregon
June 3-4	Boston, Massachusetts	July 5-7	Albuquerque, Santa Fe, New Mexico	August 9-10	Spokane, Washington
June 5-6	Brattleboro, Vermont	July 8-11	Houston, Dallas, Texas	August 11-15	Island of Hawaii
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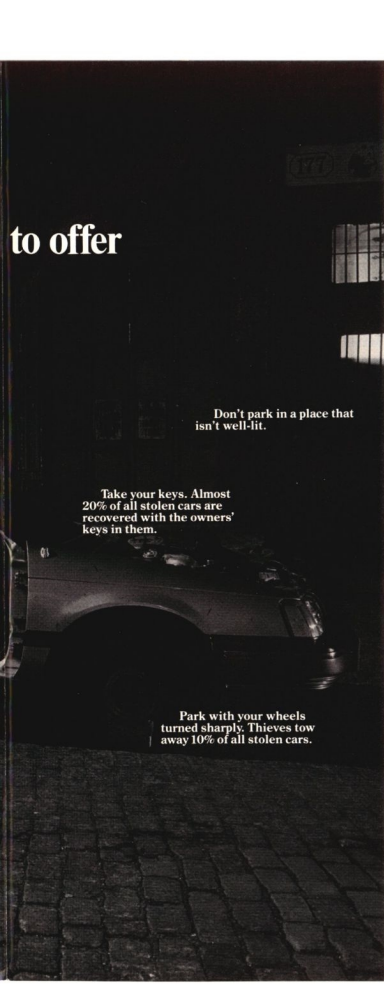
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American Scene

In Chicago: Playing Hitech Computer Chess

The hotel ballroom near Chicago's O'Hare Airport is crammed with rows of banquet tables covered with paper chessboards. In silent confrontation, 700 miniature armies face one another across half as many checkered playing fields. The National Open, a major annual chess tournament, is about to begin. A short, plump man dressed completely in black calls the contestants to order. "If you lose a game," he wryly suggests, "congratulate your opponent. Do not disturb the tournament by exploding, screaming or weeping loudly." On hearing this, Hans Berliner

as they scroll rapidly down the laptop's screen. In one second, Hitech can analyze as many as 160,000 possibilities. "Hitech," beams Berliner through thick-framed glasses, "is two orders of magnitude smarter than any other computer chess player in the world."

In fact, Hitech is so smart it disdains playing its fellow computers. Since 1986, Hitech has been competing on the regular chess circuit, matching wits only with humans. It has a solid master's rating of 2376, well behind former World Chess Champion Mikhail Tal, the top-ranked

player could spend a long time thinking about this one."

Suddenly the phone line rings, causing Berliner to jump with alarm. The connection to Hitech is broken. Frantically, Computer Scientist Carl Ebeling, a former student of Berliner's, redials the number that restores the vital link to Hitech. "This is a perpetual problem in hotels," mutters Berliner. "Sometimes we have to go to the chief operator and tell her we'll strangle her if she puts any calls through." Soon after this, Hitech makes what Berliner thinks is probably a mistake, but he's not completely sure. "Whenever we disagree," he whispers, "usually it's right." To his relief, the game soon turns decisively in Hitech's favor. A few minutes later, Wichman concedes and marches out to the lobby to calm his nerves with a cigarette. "That thing doesn't miss much," he says. "I guess my first reaction when I found out I had to play it was 'Oh, no!' Computers are so meticulous. There's no psychology involved. You can't even stare your opponent in the eyes."

Wichman cheers up considerably after Hitech makes mincemeat of two more players: an inventory manager for a Racine, Wis., restaurant and a university student from South Bend, Ind. The latter winces as an unfeeling observer calls out, "You didn't let the machine beatcha, did ya?" Contestant Daniel Kamen, an Arlington Heights, Ill., chiropractor, is considerably more empathetic. "It's a monster! You can't blow smoke in its face," he complains. "It doesn't care if you're obnoxious or if you have bad breath. You just can't rattle it. I wouldn't want to play Hitech in a tournament, but I'd sure like to borrow it for a year."

After three consecutive wins, Hitech draws a tougher player. Berliner becomes visibly nervous when he discovers that the opponent is Grand Master Sergei Kudrin, a slender Soviet émigré with long wavy hair and sleepy eyes. Kudrin has been matched against Hitech in tournament play twice before—and has beaten it both times. A large crowd of onlookers presses in around the table. "This is going to be a wild game," Berliner predicts.

Kudrin stares down at the chessboard with perfect concentration, looking up from time to time like a swimmer surfacing from a deep dive. As Kudrin meditates, even the smallest background noises are amplified. The ticking of the timer clock on the table, the clinking of the chandelier on the wall, the splash of drinking water into plastic cups all seem unbearably nerve-racking. On the twelfth move Kudrin, playing Black, guiltily offers Hitech a pawn. Hitech can't resist taking it—thereby opening up



Grand Master Sergei Kudrin faces off with computer contestant Hitech

breaks into a grin. A former world chess-by-mail champion, Berliner will not play in the tournament himself. Instead he has entered his computer, a formidable piece of work named Hitech. "Hitech," says Berliner with quiet pride, "is inexorable—like Bobby Fischer."

Hitech shares a special table, strategically located near a phone jack and an electrical outlet, with a second computer contestant named BP. BP runs on a Compaq PC, a crowd pleaser with its flashy electronic chessboard. Hitech is not even physically present. An ungainly-looking brute, with circuit boards that poke out of a metal rack like truncated wings, Hitech remains in Pittsburgh, hidden away in a laboratory on the campus of Carnegie Mellon University, where Berliner teaches computer science.

During the tournament, Berliner communicates with his electronic protégé via a laptop computer patched into a telephone line. While Hitech "thinks," Berliner watches the moves being considered

player in this tournament, with a 2700 rating, but Hitech is a dangerous enough competitor to have caused a minor furor last August by scoring a first-place finish in the Pennsylvania State Chess Championship. It is the 22nd-ranked player in the National Open.

Hitech's opponent in the opening round is an auditor from Milwaukee named Greg Wichman. A large rumpled man with a pocketful of pens, Wichman, whose own rating hovers just under 2000, does not look at all pleased about competing against Hitech. Playing White, he makes a traditional first move, advancing a pawn to King 4. Hitech counters, directing Berliner to move a Black pawn to the opposing square. Twenty-two moves later, the board is completely transformed. Hitech has massed its forces around the Black king. Across the way, the White king has a much smaller escort. Sunk in thought, Wichman plunges his chin onto his arms. "This is tricky," whispers Berliner. "Very tricky. Even an awfully good

the board to a masterful attack. From then on, it's Kudrin's game. Mikhail Tal wanders over from time to time, nodding approval. "The game is over," says a downcast Berliner, "only Hitech doesn't know it yet."

Soon the situation deteriorates so far that Berliner intervenes, pronouncing it hopeless. Kudrin smiles. "Playing against Hitech is always fun. As a machine, it's very, very strong. If I play badly, I know it will win." Reviewing the match, Berliner shows Kudrin an alternate move near the end of the game that would have been as good as the move he made. "Hitech saw this?" asks Kudrin, impressed. "That's very nice."

In the final match, even Berliner's wife Araxie is torn between wanting Hitech to win and not wanting its human opponent to lose. "He's so nice," she says of John Burke, the manager of a manufacturing plant in Carol Stream, Ill. Near the beginning of the game, Hitech startles Berliner by choosing to move one of its bishops on a bold diagonal, driving deep into enemy territory. But Burke, who has a master's rating, is no pushover. Indeed, he fights back so

**"It's a monster! You can't
blow smoke in its face.
It doesn't care if
you're obnoxious or if
you have bad breath. You
just can't rattle it."**

well that Berliner is worried about the outcome. His concern increases when Hitech suddenly seems to get cold feet, agonizing over how to avoid losing pieces. "It keeps going round and round the mulberry bush," Berliner sighs. Ultimately, Hitech stops dillydallying and resumes its attack. The win gives Hitech an impressive seventh-place finish, just after six humans who tied for first.

Burke is a good-humored loser. "I lost to the box," he says, as he hands in his scorecard. "If it reaches the point where a computer becomes the world chess champion, I guess that would take some of the fun out of the game. But then I suppose we'd all get used to it as just one more thing computers can do better than us." Will a computer ever threaten the likes of Gary Kasparov? "No," argues former World Champ Tal. "Chess cannot be put down simply as algorithms. Chess takes imagination." Bill Maddex, a philosophy student from the University of Oregon, agrees. "I don't think a computer will ever get that good," he says to Berliner. "There's too much abstract thought involved."

Hitech may not be that good, Berliner acknowledges—yet. But he adds, with quiet conviction, "Ever is far too long a time."

—By J. Madeleine Nash

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COVER STORIES



Good Heavens!

An astrologer dictating the President's schedule? So says former White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan in an explosive book

PETER MULLER—THE WHITE HOUSE



In his memoir, *For the Record*, former White House Chief of Staff Donald T. Regan wastes no time before dropping his biggest bombshell. "Because actions that would otherwise bewilder the reader cannot be understood in its absence," writes Regan in a foreword, "I have revealed in this book what was probably the most closely guarded domestic secret of the Reagan White House."

The secret: First Lady Nancy Reagan's reliance on a San Francisco astrologer to determine the timing of the President's every public move. This was more than a charming eccentricity shared with the 50 million or so other Americans who, casually or in dead earnest, look to the alignment of the stars for guidance. As White House chief of staff for two years, before he was forced to resign in February 1987, Regan was in a position to see how the First Lady's faith in the astrologer's pronouncements wreaked havoc with her husband's schedule. At times, he writes, the most powerful man on earth was a virtual prisoner in the White House.

Donald Regan never knew the name of the "Friend," as Nancy Reagan referred to her astrologer. But TIME learned last week that she is Nob Hill Socialite Joan Quigley, sixtyish, a Vassar graduate who has written three books on astrology (see story on page 41).

As the sensational tip of Regan's revelatory iceberg broke into the headlines last week, it evoked titillation among Washington insiders and an angry response from Ronald Reagan. "I would have preferred it if he decided to attack me," he said on Friday. "From what I hear, he's chosen to attack my wife, and I don't look kindly on that at all."

Nor is he likely to look kindly on his former aide's portrayal of the Reagan White House. Regan shows the President as immensely likable but disturbingly passive and vulnerable to manipulation. And he paints a surprisingly dark, mean-spirited First Lady, whose meddling became the "random factor in the Reagan presidency." Regan, who served the Administration for six years, the first four as Secretary of the Treasury, details how Nancy, and not her husband, stage-managed his ouster. His profile of her in *For the Record*, which Harcourt Brace Jovanovich is publishing this month and TIME is excerpting in the following pages, constitutes Exhibit I in the defense of Donald T. Regan.

Nancy Reagan has long been known for her shrewdness and her readiness to step in when she believes others are "taking advantage of Ronnie." For the most part, she has used humor and self-deprecation to parry charges that she was interfering unduly in affairs of state. "This morning I had planned to clear up U.S.-Soviet differences on intermediate-range nuclear missiles," she told a publishers' luncheon in New York City last year. "But I decided to clean out Ronnie's sock drawer instead."

The First Lady dabbled in astrology as far back as 1967. In 1981 Quigley made Nancy a believer by showing how the astrologer's charts could have foretold that the period on or around March 30, 1981, would be extremely dangerous for the President. On that day a bullet from John Hinckley Jr.'s handgun gravely wounded the President. From then on, Nancy, obsessed with her husband's safety, was convinced of her Friend's power to protect him. And from then on, no presidential public appearance was slated without the Friend's say-so.

To this day, Nancy's Friend continues to influence the President's schedule. For the Reagan-Gorbachev Washington summit, she cast the charts of both men and determined that 2 p.m. on Dec. 8, 1987, was the most propitious moment for them to sign the intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty. At Nancy's behest, the entire summit was built around that hour. For the upcoming Moscow summit, Gorbachev's chart (he is a Pisces) has been recast alongside Regan's (Aquarius).

Nancy's proscriptions have not always been obeyed. On April 7, 1986, Regan went to the Baltimore Orioles'

**“
What do you mean,
'kiss and tell'? To
my knowledge, I've
never been kissed
by anybody in the
Reagan Administration.
”**

opening-day game at Memorial Stadium despite dire warnings from the Friend that he should not travel that day. Until Regan's safe return, the White House communications network was ablaze with Nancy's efforts to abort the trip.

Both Regans have always been superstitious, observing such harmless rituals as knocking on wood and walking around, never under, ladders. The President puts a certain coin and a gold lucky charm in his pocket each morning, and routinely tosses salt over his left shoulder not just when he spills some but before all his meals. Ronald Reagan freely admits his superstition, but in a manner that allays concern. In his 1965 autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*, he breezily describes his and Nancy's attention to syndicated horoscopes. And Nancy Reagan is far from the first First Lady to seek guidance from extrascientific sources. Mary Todd Lincoln attended séances trying to contact her dead son Willie, and Edith Wilson and Florence Harding consulted the same clairvoyant.

In Reagan's mind, an actor's superstitions coexist unabashedly alongside a deep, if unstructured, Christian faith. He is untroubled by the contradictions between the paranormal phenomena that intrigue him and strict church doctrine, which rejects such deviations as the tools of the devil. Nancy, on the other hand, "doesn't have a deep faith in God," according to a former East Wing official. "She was a perfect candidate for this."

Those privy to Nancy's consultations say she never adjusted her own travel schedule, only Ronnie's, to the stars: since the assassination attempt, her husband's well-being has been her first concern. When it comes to his security, says a confidante, "she worries in her dreams; she wakes up worrying."

Ronald Reagan insisted last week that at no time did astrology determine policy. Strictly speaking, that appears to be so. But Regan and others make a compelling case that in 1986 and 1987 astrological influence dramatically reduced the presidency's effectiveness, at least partly, by keeping Ronald Reagan under wraps for much of the time. Nancy's intrusions in the scheduling process, Regan said in an interview with TIME last week, "began to interfere with the normal conduct of the presidency."

In a sense, *For the Record* was preordained the day Don Regan stormed out of the White House. As he rode through the February darkness along the Potomac to his Mount Vernon estate, he brooded about what had happened and determined to write a book. He had his meticulous notes put in a word processor and then brought in Novelist Charles McCarry, who helped Alexander Haig write his memoir, *Caveat*, to restructure the material.

Regan now works out of a spacious office looking up the Potomac toward the White House from Alexandria, tending to the substantial investment portfolio he assembled during his 35-year career with Merrill Lynch, the last ten as chairman of the board. Still full of what he calls his "Irish jollity," the feisty ex-Marine is unapologetic about his disclosures. "What do you mean 'kiss and tell'? To my knowledge I've never been kissed by anybody in the Reagan Administration."

To criticism that he wrote too soon, Regan argues that many others—including Haig and David Stockman—didn't wait until the President had left office before writing memoirs. Besides, he asks, "Do you think the Regans should have waited [before firing him]? Why is it that I have to live with this burden of calumny and slander and omissions?"

Regan ends his book by emphasizing that "my admiration for Reagan as President remains very great." But the contempt Regan holds for those "frivolous gossips and sycophants" who helped force him out under a cloud is equally great. If revenge is a dish best savored cold, then Don Regan, 14 months after "the bitterest event of my life," should be in for quite a feast.

—By Barrett Seaman

Before the fall: the First Lady and the author face off in the White House in March 1986



For the Record

By Donald T. Regan



NANCY REAGAN STAMMERS slightly when she is upset, and her voice was unsteady when she called me from Bethesda Naval Hospital on Friday afternoon, July 12, 1985, to tell me that her husband, the President of the United States, would require surgery for the removal of a large polyp in his intestinal tract. In illnesses of this kind, speedy treatment is essential, and so I was concerned—apprehensive would be a better word—when she told me that the operation might be delayed for a day and a half.

"I'm reading something into this," I said, speaking cautiously because we were on the telephone. "Am I on firm ground in doing it?"

"Yes, possibly," the First Lady replied.

Her answer worried me. I feared two things—first, that President Reagan's condition was more serious than his wife had been able to tell me over the telephone, and second, that the First Lady was choosing the date for surgery in consultation with her astrologer. Of the two possibilities the second seemed the more likely. Virtually every major move or decision the Reagans made during my time as White House chief of staff was cleared in advance with a woman in San Francisco who drew up horoscopes to make certain that the planets were in a favorable alignment for the enterprise.

Nancy Reagan seemed to have absolute faith in the clairvoyant powers of this woman, who had predicted that "something bad" was going to happen to the President shortly before he was wounded in an assassination attempt in 1981. Before that, Mrs. Reagan had consulted a different astrologer, but now she believed that this person had lost her powers.

The First Lady referred to the woman as "My Friend."

Although I never met this seer—Mrs. Reagan passed along her prognostications to me after conferring with her on the telephone—she had become such a factor in my work, and in the highest affairs of the nation, that at one point I kept a color-coded calendar on my desk (numerals highlighted in green ink for "good" days, red for "bad" days, yellow for "iffy" days) as an aid to remembering when it was propitious to move the President of the U.S. from one place to another, or schedule him to speak in public, or commence negotiations with a foreign power.

When the timing of his surgery was raised with the President, however, he settled the issue himself. Why wait? he asked the doctors. Do the tests and go ahead with the operation. I can function just as well in the hospital as at home.*

Although the President would sometimes remind me, when I suggested a change in plans, that certain days were not good for a public appearance, I never knew for sure whether he was aware of the role played by the astrologer in making his schedule. But on this occasion, if the Friend's powers were invoked, the Chief Executive apparently decided to ignore them. I later learned that the Friend had failed to predict the discovery of a malignancy in the President's bowel: a 5-cm growth.

During his recuperation, the President asked that visitors be kept to a minimum. But I never imagined that he would refuse to see anybody at all. Vice President Bush, who had comforted himself with his usual flawless tact and loyalty during the crisis, wanted to pay his respects. Robert C. ("Bud") McFarlane, the National Security Adviser, was pressing for a meeting with the President on what he described as a matter of great importance.

His sense of urgency was obvious. At the time, I had no idea that McFarlane wanted to discuss a verbal message from the Prime Minister of Israel raising the possibility of a dialogue between U.S. officials and members of Iran's government. I scheduled both Bush and McFarlane for Monday.

*Throughout his book, Regan is faithful to a convention that by today's standards might be considered quaint. "Out of deference to the office and the man," he writes in his foreword, "I have not enclosed language attributed to the President in quotation marks except in cases where his words have already appeared in print elsewhere."

DONALD T. REGAN

For the Record



JULY 1985: "MC FARLANE ASKED THE PRESIDENT IF HE WAS INTERESTED IN TALKING TO THE IRANIANS"

Mrs. Reagan was angry. She had heard that Vice President Bush and I might go to Bethesda by helicopter. The First Lady objected vehemently to my travel by helicopter—a presidential form of transportation. Listening to her voice, I jotted down the words "very mad." I had hardly hung up when Edward Hickey, who handled White House transportation, called to warn: "I'd cancel the helicopter if I were you, Don. The First Lady's staff is talking about it."

"I'm just trying to save time," I said. "I've got to go out there seven days a week—that's more than ten hours down the drain in a single week."

"That would be a good reason under normal circumstances," Ed replied. "But the buzzards are out, Don. Be careful what you're doing."

His language took me aback. So did the realization that my actions were being monitored by the First Lady's staff and turned into a subject for gossip. This was something new in my life and I did not welcome it.

"O.K.," I said. "Cancel the damn helicopter."

Monday morning I arrived at the White House by 7:15. Soon Mrs. Reagan called me again to argue against a visit by Bush and McFarlane. I explained that McFarlane had an urgent reason to see the President. "Whatever it is, Bud can put it in writing," she said. "Ronnie can read. But talking to visitors will tire him out. Besides, it would be very bad for anybody to see him while he still has tubes in his nose."

The situation could not continue. Stories were beginning to appear in the media suggesting that I was freeing out McFarlane

and feuding with Bush. Reporters were asking members of the staff if I had become some sort of Prime Minister or acting President. Nancy Reagan and I were the only people they ever saw going in and out of the hospital. A rumor was abroad that I would only approve pictures of the President in which I, too, appeared.

When I complained to Mrs. Reagan about the unfairness of this, she did not sympathize. "Pull back," she said. "Keep a low profile. Don't be seen out too much; people are talking."

It was a losing battle. In obedience to the First Lady's wishes, I was the only one besides herself who was seeing the President. Because he is news incarnate, that made me news. "It's unconscionable," I told Mrs. Reagan, "and damn curious to the press and foreign governments that the President isn't seeing anyone from his National Security Council staff."

Finally, on Thursday, July 18, Mrs. Reagan reluctantly gave permission for McFarlane to visit the President. Bud spoke to the President for 23 minutes. This meeting, which was to have such fateful consequences, seemed routine at the time, and it seems routine in memory.

I was present throughout. My notes say, "Middle East/ Hostage Release problem," then "Soviet/ Geneva arms talks." I do not remember that the hospital meeting was marked by a sense of drama.

McFarlane asked the President if he was interested in talking to the Iranians, reasoning that the U.S. ought to be establishing contacts if and when a new government came into being in Tehran. The hostages were discussed in a general way. The sense of this part of the conversation was that the Iranians,

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who had been helpful in connection with the hijacking of TWA Flight 847 in June, might be disposed to be helpful in other situations if we were more friendly to them. Nothing in my notes or in my memory suggests that the idea of swapping arms for hostages was mentioned by either man.

Iran took up ten or twelve minutes. McFarlane spent at least half his time talking about arms negotiations, another subject close to the President's heart. It hardly seems likely that an entirely new policy, involving a brusque departure from past practices and established principle—and bringing in a third country, Israel, as middleman in a secret arms sale—could have been decided on in such a brief encounter. The President said later he had no recollection of this meeting. That did not surprise me. I wonder if I would have remembered it if I hadn't had such a difficult time persuading his wife to let it take place.



JANUARY 1985: "WE SHOULD SWAP JOBS"

The Random Factor

THE FIRST LADY'S intense identification with her husband and his political fortunes was the random factor in the Reagan presidency. Mrs. Reagan regarded herself as the President's alter ego not only in the conjugal but also in the political and official dimensions, as if the office that had been bestowed upon her husband by the people somehow fell into the category of worldly goods covered by the marriage vows. This may sound flippant, but it reflects my experience, particularly after I moved from the Treasury Department to the White House in 1985 as Ronald Reagan's chief of staff.

That shift came about as the result of a Cabinet meeting on Nov. 15, 1984. The Treasury report on tax reform, something my department had been working on for ten solid months, was about to be presented to the President without any of its provisions being leaked to the press until the very last days. This was regarded by some of my Cabinet colleagues as a minor miracle, and Secretary of State George Shultz suggested that I bring up the question of leaks. I did, urging strong disciplinary action against leakers, particularly White House staffers. The next day, the substance of my remarks on my assigned topic—economics—appeared in a *Washington Post* story as the result of what I took to be a leak by the White House staff.

I was infuriated. At 7:50 a.m. I called Jim Baker, the White House chief of staff, gave him my reaction in Marine Corps terminology and slammed down the receiver.

Later, Baker dropped in "just for a chat." It was obvious that he wanted to smooth things over. My anger cooled. Baker seemed tired, distracted. I asked him what was bothering him.

Wolves were all around the White House, he said, and even inside it. As chief of staff, he was in the thick of everything, responsible for mistakes he never made.

I said, "You know what we should do, Jim? We should swap jobs." I tossed out these words without thinking. But Baker bobbed his head like a man who has been hit with an idea.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

I thought for a moment. "I guess I do," I said.

Baker rose. He now looked much less tired and harried.

"Watch out," he said, "I may take you up on that."

On Dec. 18, Mike Deaver, White House deputy chief of staff, joined us at Baker's house for lunch. Deaver listened with the polite air of a man who had already heard what he was now being told. In my innocence the thought that Deaver had cleared the plan with the First Lady before discussing it with me, or even with the President, did not occur to me.

"Yep," Deaver said at last, in a decisive tone. "It's a good idea." He listed his reasons: the beginning of the second term was the natural time for a change

of chiefs of staff; I had been loyal to the President; I had no discernible personal agenda; nobody had to worry about my running for public office à la Al Haig. Even my age, just shy of 66, was in my favor.

"This would be your terminal job, Don," he said, turning a memorable phrase. "Let's go to the President with it."

Deaver later claimed that he broke the news of the Baker-Regan job swap to Ronald Reagan with the words, "Mr. President, I've brought you a playmate of your own age." I don't remember this witticism, but the atmosphere was certainly relaxed, even lighthearted, when Baker, Deaver and I called on the President on Jan. 7, 1985.

Omitting preliminaries, Deaver said, "Mr. President, Don has something he wants to discuss with you that he's talked to Jim and me about. We'd like to know what you think about it."

I could see that something was up with you three, Reagan said. Let's have it.

There was a twinkle in his eye; Deaver—bald, small and bustling—projected a sort of cheeky familiarity, and Reagan seemed to enjoy his irreverence.

I explained what Baker and I had in mind. Reagan seemed equable, relaxed—almost incurious. This seemed odd. Deaver had ideas about leaving, and Ed Meese was soon to become Attorney General. Now Baker, the last of the three advisers who had been at Reagan's side all during his two successful campaigns for the presidency and his first term, wanted to go elsewhere. A new chief of staff would be taking over duties formerly carried out by all three men. The President could not afford a mistake.

In the President's place I would have put many questions to the applicant. Reagan made no inquiries. I did not know what to make of his passivity. I said after a moment, "Maybe you'd like to think about all this." Reagan waved away the suggestion. Tell me a little more, he said.

"You know me well enough after four years to know what I stand for," I said. "And I think that you and I see things alike."

Regan nodded affably. This thing does make sense, he said. Yes, yes—I'll go for it.

Less than 30 minutes had passed since the meeting began. The President seemed to be absorbing a fait accompli rather than making a decision. One might have thought the matter had already been settled by some absent party.

After I arrived at the White House, Deaver remained in his office (the one close to the Oval Office) for about three months, continuing to handle scheduling and imagery. His fundamental style, that of a man who advances himself by doing favors for others, was not one that I admire, but he was very useful to the Regans and seemed more secure than any other person on the staff in his relationship with them. He treated the White House

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like the residence of an indulgent aunt and uncle, bringing his friends home to play tennis and eat in the mess. Deaver was affable and accommodating in his dealings with me—and of course he was the leading expert on the temperament and methods of the First Lady.

Deaver's function had as much to do with the mysterious process of managing this shadowy distaff presidency as with his visible role as custodian of the presidential image. Although Mrs. Reagan's considerable staff handled her affairs with great efficiency, it was Deaver who was entrusted with important missions. By long habit he knew how to relieve Mrs. Reagan—at least momentarily—of the worry, irritation and impatience that seemed to be her constant companions.

If Mrs. Reagan was unable to persuade the President to act on her advice on an official matter, she would put Deaver in play. As I found to my cost, he devised ways to communicate Mrs. Reagan's demands to the President by planting stories in the press that the President was bound to read and by creating a climate of exposé with which the President was forced to deal. Sometimes gossip—the suggestion that someone had lost the President's confidence—was enough to solve the problem without engaging the President directly: some people left Reagan's service convinced that he wanted them to go, when in fact he had little or no idea that they were going.

As Deaver's departure drew nearer, I began to deal more with Mrs. Reagan. Some of her requests seemed so far out of her proper area of competence that I was disposed to ignore them. Her husband, for example, was all but incapable of firing a subordinate, and I suppose she had become used to supplying the missing determination. Her purpose was to protect the President from embarrassment and insulate him from associates who might tarnish his reputation.

Deaver's consistent advice was to humor her. "I wouldn't phrase it quite that way," he would advise, on reading a draft that touched on some subject of interest to Mrs. Reagan. "... I wouldn't push that ... I'd be careful on that one." I was left with the impression, which proved accurate, that walking on eggshells was a useful skill to cultivate if you were going to deal with Mrs. Reagan day-to-day.

And then there was the question of the astrologer's influence. Before I came to the White House, Mike Deaver had been the man who integrated the horoscopes of Mrs. Reagan's friends into the presidential schedule. He did so with the utmost tact, leaving the impression with the dozens of people who wait on any presidential scheduling decision that he, Deaver, was the ditherer. I found this odd because Deaver was remarkably punctual and efficient in everything

else. Although in theory Deaver was empowered to make any entry he wished on the President's calendar, he never agreed to any trip or outside event on the spot. "Let me play around with this," he would say; "let me see what can be done." Sometimes weeks would pass before a decision was made. This caused inconvenience and grumbling. Deaver was, of course, waiting for approval from the First Lady's Friend, and it is a measure of his discretion and loyalty that few in the White House suspected that Mrs. Reagan was even part of the problem—much less that an astrologer in San Francisco was approving the details of the presidential schedule.

When, after a few days on the job, I asked Deaver to explain the delay and uncertainty surrounding the President's schedule, he was plainly uncomfortable. "Sssshh," Deaver said, throwing up his hands and casting furtive glances. "Don't bring that up. Leave it be."

The confusion continued even after Deaver left the White House. I complained to Bill Henkel, the President's chief advance man. Poor Bill, who had been in on the secret for some time but was not at liberty to disclose it to me, made no excuses.

But Henkel finally did persuade Deaver to tell me the facts. He said I had to know them or the entire scheduling process would collapse. Deaver came to see me and explained the mystery. I thought at first that he was joking, but he made it plain that he was not.

Deaver told me that Mrs. Reagan's dependence on the occult went back at least as far as her husband's governorship, when she had relied on the advice of the famous Jeanne Dixon. Subsequently, she had lost confidence in Dixon's powers. But the First Lady seemed to have absolute faith in the clairvoyant talents of the woman in San Francisco.

Apparently, Deaver had ceased to think there was anything remarkable about this long-established floating séance; Mike is a born chamberlain, and to him it was simply one of many little problems in the life of a servant of the great. "At least," he said, "this astrologer is not as kooky as the last one."

As I discovered in my turn, there was no choice but to humor the First Lady in this matter. Still, the President's schedule is the single most potent tool in the White House, because it determines what the most powerful man in the world is going to do and when he is going to do it. By humoring Mrs. Reagan we gave her this tool—or, more accurately, gave it to an unknown woman in San Francisco who believed that the zodiac controls events and human behavior and that she could read the secrets of the future in the movements of the planets. When the Geneva summit was held in November 1985, I couldn't resist reflecting that a heavy

The events that snowballed into the Iran-contra affair made little impression at the time they happened.

Scheduling by Horoscope

Our days were busy. The President had decided to speak to the nation about the findings of the Iran-contra report, hold a press conference and deliver a major foreign-policy speech, all in March. As usual, no dates for these events were set in conversations with President Reagan. I discussed the schedule with Mrs. Reagan, who consulted her Friend. She reported back that March 4, the Reagans' wedding anniversary, and March 5 were "good days." But the press conference had tentatively been scheduled for March 9, and this date was not among the auspicious ones that had been certified by the Friend. According to a list provided by Mrs. Reagan, the Friend had made the following prohibitions based on her reading of the President's horoscope:

Late Dec. thru March bad
Jan. 16-23 very bad
Jan. 20 nothing outside WH—possible attempt
Feb. 20-26 be careful
March 7-14 bad period
March 10-14 no outside activity
March 12-19 no trips exposure

March 16 very bad
March 19-25 no public exposure
March 21 no
March 27 no
April 3 careful
April 11 careful
April 17 careful
April 21-28 stay home

Obviously this list of dangerous or forbidden dates left very little latitude for scheduling.

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burden must have been placed on the poor woman. She was called upon not only to choose auspicious moments for meetings between the two most powerful men on our planet but also to draw up horoscopes that presumably provided clues to the character and probable behavior of Gorbachev.

Mrs. Reagan, who talked to her Friend mostly on Saturday afternoons from Camp David, once complained to me in budgetary terms about revisions in the schedule. "I wish you'd make up your mind," she said testily. "It's costing me a lot of money, calling up my Friend with all these changes."

The President's view of the situation was never discussed. That he permitted it to exist and never reversed any of the situations created by his wife's intervention was regarded as sufficient evidence that he was willing to tolerate the state of affairs.

I had never dealt with anything like this in nearly 45 years of working life. "Maybe your Friend is wrong," I would suggest to Mrs. Reagan. She did not think so: her Friend had not only predicted the assassination attempt nearly to the day but had foreseen the explosion of a bomb planted in a TWA plane that was damaged over Greece in 1986, and had been right about other things, including a premonition of "dire events" in November and December 1986—that is, the Iran-contras scandal.

Eventually, to separate myself from all this as much as possible, I proposed giving Deaver's old title, deputy chief of staff, to Dennis Thomas, who had been at Treasury. The idea made Deaver nervous. "I, uh, don't think this will fly with the First Lady," he said. Nevertheless, I phoned Mrs. Reagan and said, "There should be somebody on the President's staff you can call on. Dennis will be very good at the job."

Silence. Finally Mrs. Reagan said, "I don't think you need a deputy, Don. You can handle this yourself."

"Well," I replied, "I thought that somebody should be attentive to your needs in the way that Mike was."

"When I need something, I'll call you directly," the First Lady said. "I don't see any need for an intermediary."

Fateful words...



MARCH 1986: ABOARD AIR FORCE ONE

cannot talk about his suspicions without adding a persecution complex to the list of his faults that is daily being compiled in the newspapers.

The meeting at Bethesda Naval Hospital between the President and Bud McFarlane in July 1985 proved, of course, to be the first in a sequence of events that very nearly led to the fall of one of the most popular presidencies in the history of the U.S. But, like that meeting with McFarlane, the events that snowballed into the catastrophe that came to be known as the Iran-contras affair made little impression at the time that they happened. Much of what went on was hidden from the President (and, incidentally, from me) by McFarlane and his successor as National Security Adviser, Admiral John Poindexter, and by that remarkable young Marine who was a virtual stranger to both of us, Lieut. Colonel Oliver North.

On Nov. 4, 1986, a Lebanese newspaper was quoted as stating that the U.S. had been supplying military items to Iran, and that McFarlane had visited Tehran to seek the release of hostages held by terrorists in Lebanon. I thought the story would metastasize and advised the President to respond to it at once. He shook his head no. In no way, he said in an adamant tone unusual for him, would we discuss publicly the methods used to gain the release of the hostages.

But Presidents, like actors, live and die by the public's favor. Ronald Reagan, who has practiced both crafts, understands this in his bones. In the end, he gave a television address on Nov. 13 and held a press conference on Nov. 19 to tell the truth and clear the air once and for all. Unfortunately, the raw material came from people

on the NSC staff who were not prepared to tell the President the truth.

Then, on Nov. 24, Attorney General Meese informed the President that his investigation had discovered a possible diversion of funds from the Iran arms sale: \$18 million was unaccounted for, and some had gone to the *contras*. The President, normally a ruddy man with bright red cheeks, blanched. No body who saw his reaction could believe for a moment he knew about the diversion before Meese told him about it.

That evening I received a phone call from the First Lady. Her mood was furious, and there was no mistaking her message: heads would roll. I had the impression that mine might very well be among them.

Before the scandal broke, the Reagans had made plans to spend Thanksgiving at their California ranch. On Thanksgiving Day in Santa Barbara, the White House press corps was in a prosecutorial fever over the Iran-contras scandal. Given the circumstances, this was not surprising. Since Viet Nam and Watergate, many of the big-time media have tended to regard every public official as a suspect from the day he takes office, and public service as a crime waiting to happen.

Because in a sense I was the only game in town—the President was inaccessible on his mountaintop—I was sought after by these excited men and women. Questions were being shouted at me: What did I know, and when did I know it? What did the President know? What were we going to do? Had I known that money was being diverted? Later that evening, on the telephone with Nancy Reagan, I said, "Obviously I'm becoming the center

Slow Poisons and Quick Ones

WHEN, IN ROBERT GRAVES' NOVEL *I, Claudius*, the inquisitive Claudius asks his grandmother Livia whether she prefers slow poisons or quick ones to dispose of someone, she replies that she preferred "repeated doses of slow tasteless poisons which gave the effect of consumption." In the novel, Livia is a clever but ruthless woman who rules the Roman empire from behind the scenes by manipulating her husband Augustus Caesar.

Without stretching things too far, it can be suggested that the most popular poison in 20th century Washington is bad publicity. In massive doses it can destroy a reputation outright. When leaked slowly into the veins of the victim, it kills his public persona just as certainly, but the symptoms—anger, suspicion, frustration, the loss of friends and influence—are often mistaken for the malady. The victim may realize that he is being poisoned; he may even have a very good idea who the poisoners are. But he

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of attention for the press, and I don't understand it. If this keeps up, it will be a major problem by next week."

My staff had picked up many signs of a campaign of leaks designed, they thought, to destroy the President's confidence in me. I mentioned this to the First Lady and asked whether she thought this was paranoia or reality. Instead of answering, she lapsed into silence. Not until later did I realize the full significance of the First Lady's stony response.

In early November Richard Wirthlin's polls showed that 70% of the American people approved of the way the President was doing his job. A month later a New York Times/CBS News poll found that the President's job-approval rating had dropped below 50%. The First Lady's staff and her confidants from outside the Government, known collectively as the "East Wing" in White House jargon, were especially worried. Reports of their gossip filtered into my office, and I knew this was a sign that it would soon start pouring into the press.

On Dec. 12 the Washington Post reported that the President had met with Bill Rogers, Secretary of State during Richard Nixon's first term, and Robert Strauss, former chairman of the Democratic National Committee. The meeting was conducted in great secrecy. I learned later that the conversation soon came around to me. The First Lady felt that I had become a liability to the President and should go. Strauss agreed that there were strong arguments for getting rid of me.

The press hates and mistrusts Regan, the President was told, and believes he has mishandled the crisis. The impression was being created that I bore major responsibility for the disaster engulfing the presidency. Whether this was true or not was irrelevant—in politics, appearance is reality, and the momentum of the press campaign was so great that matters could only get worse. I was going down fast, and the President's friends were afraid I would drag him down with me. The President's place in history was at stake.

Hitting Him When He's Down

ON MONDAY, DEC. 15, Bill Casey collapsed in his office at the CIA. On Dec. 18 doctors at Georgetown University Hospital operated to remove a growth on the brain that proved to be cancerous. The prognosis was bleak.

Casey had been severely roughed up in the media and on Capitol Hill over the Iran-*contra* scandal. As a result of the uproar, Nancy Reagan came to regard Casey, too, as a political milestone. Just before Christmas she rang to ask, for the third or fourth time since Casey's surgery, what I was doing to get rid of him as director of Central Intelligence.

Monologue in Geneva

At the Geneva summit in November 1985, it was Raisa Gorbachev for whom Western observers, and especially Nancy Reagan, were unprepared. As the world now knows, Mrs. Gorbachev is a stylish, handsome woman with an intense and intelligent manner. It was she, far more than her husband, who kept the conversational ball rolling. Even when Mrs. Reagan was the hostess, Mrs. Gorbachev was the chief orchestrator of the dinner party—changing the subject when her husband had been on it long enough, introducing new subjects, entering into conversations down the table to express an opinion. She did not confine herself, as most other wives of heads of state and government did in such meetings, to cross-chat with

"Nothing," I said.

"Why not?" Mrs. Reagan asked in her familiar stammer. "He's got to go. He can't do his job; he's an embarrassment to Ronnie. He should be out."

"But, Nancy, the man had brain surgery less than a week ago. This is no time to pull the rug out from under him. It's Christmastime. It wouldn't be seemly for Ronald Reagan to fire anybody under these circumstances, much less Bill Casey. We're not going to do it."

Mrs. Reagan, who had already shown signs of irritability, now became angry. "You're more interested in protecting Bill Casey than in protecting Ronnie!" she cried. "He's dragging Ronnie down! Nobody believes what Casey says; his credibility is gone on the Hill."

"All that may be true," I replied, knowing that some of it was. "But Bill Casey got your husband elected, and he's done a lot of other things for him too. He deserves some gratitude and a better break than you're giving him, Nancy."

Early in November, just as the Iran-*contra* scandal broke, the First Lady informed me that the President had an enlarged prostate. The condition would be relieved by transurethral resection, which eliminated the need for incision of the skin, on Jan. 5, 1987; the President was expected to be in Bethesda Naval Hospital for about four days and to have a rapid recovery.

Before the surgery, Mrs. Reagan phoned to talk about the President's schedule. She said that he should be seen to be active and capable of carrying on a normal routine after he left the hospital. I agreed. "He hasn't had a press conference since Nov. 19," I said. "What about having one on Jan. 20?"

The First Lady's voice rose. "No," she said. "No press conferences for at least three months." Her protective instincts were fully aroused, and I assumed, too, that she had been talking to the astrologer.

"We have activities all lined up," I said, hinting at the problem. "But I need your help on the actual dates."

Mrs. Reagan stammered. "I'll, uh, uh, uh, have a discussion about that and get back to you," she said. This conversation was, for the most part, friendly and devoid of her usual references ("Are you still here, Don?") to resignation.

A few days later, although the President was recuperating nicely, Mrs. Reagan suddenly ruled out any travel or other important outside activity until April. Her concern for her husband's health was understandable, even admirable. But it seemed to me excessive, particularly since the President himself did not seem to think there was any need for him to slow down to the point where he was lying dead in the water. But Mrs. Reagan's Friend had told her that January was a bad month for him. This had the effect of immobilizing the President. His schedule was in a state of chaos.

Mrs. Reagan on palace housewifery and other harmless subjects. Mrs. Gorbachev is a highly educated woman, a professor of Marxist-Leninist theory.

At the Reagan's dinner party and the later one at the Soviet mission, she did not hesitate to educate the President of the U.S. on the basis of Soviet policy. It was evident that she was mistress of her subject, an intellectual with a truly impressive grasp of a specialty that she regarded as the key to understanding Soviet society and the world beyond. Reagan listened to Mrs. Gorbachev's extremely detailed and fervently argued opinions with gallant courtesy. Gorbachev, like any husband in his circumstances, kept his peace. Mrs. Reagan, however, chafed under the monologue. After the door had closed behind the Gorbachevs, she said, "Who does that dame think she is?"

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Mrs. Reagan's determination to oust Bill Casey, meanwhile, had not abated. On Saturday, Jan. 24, she rang me from Camp David to tell me she had learned that Bill would be incapacitated for the foreseeable future. I told her that the President was probably going to send Casey a gentle letter soon, asking him to step aside.

"Send it to his lawyer," Mrs. Reagan said, "because Sophia [Casey's wife] won't let it be delivered to Casey. Do it Monday. Ronnie is ready, so why wait?" Later the President himself called me from Camp David and asked if I had arranged a meeting with Sophia Casey to discuss Bill's resignation.

Ed Meese and I called on Casey in his hospital room on Thursday, Jan. 29. He was devastated physically and intellectually. He had lost a great deal of weight and all his hair. He was incapable of coherent speech. He waved his hands about weakly and made inarticulate sounds in answer to questions. Sophia interpreted the sounds he made. I took her aside and asked if we could talk to her husband now about his job. She nodded. I went back to Bill's chair and, standing beside him, said, "Bill, I'd like to talk to you about the agency and you."

I had a letter signed by the President relieving Casey of his duties. Bill may have sensed this. He waved his hands and uttered a string of incomprehensible sounds. Sophia interpreted, "He says, 'Get the best man you can.'"

"In other words," I said, "you're saying you want to be relieved of your task, and we should look for someone else."

He seemed to nod. I said, "All right, Bill, then I'll tell the President about your decision. But when you're ready to come back, the boss wants you next to him as Counselor to the President—Ed Meese's old job." Tears filled Casey's clouded eyes. He gripped my hand with surprising strength.

Minutes after I returned from the hospital to my office in the West Wing, the telephone rang. "Well, what's the news on Casey?" Nancy Reagan asked. I told her that he had agreed to be relieved of his duties. "Good," the First Lady said.

Blood in the Water

SEVERAL IMPORTANT WHITE HOUSE aides had planned, like me, to leave after the midterm election. Larry Speakes had resigned and been replaced by Marlin Fitzwater, who had worked for me at Treasury and as Vice President Bush's press secretary. Mitchell E. Daniels, the political director, had decided to practice law. Pat Buchanan would be leaving March 1 as director of communications.

The First Lady, who always took a close interest in White House staff appointments, called me at home at 9:46 a.m. on Feb. 7, a Saturday, to talk about her candidates for these vacancies. She recommended Frank Donatelli, who had worked in all three Reagan presidential campaigns, for political director. For Pat Buchanan's old job, Mrs. Reagan favored John O. Koehler, a German-born American recommended by Charles Z. Wick, director of the U.S. Information Agency.

On another topic, the First Lady expressed unhappiness over a growing tendency in the press to criticize the President's

lack of activity. I suggested that the way to overcome the media's pent-up hostility and ill-informed criticism was to get the President out into public view. A full month after his release from the hospital, his schedule was still a dead letter because Mrs. Reagan's Friend had not provided a list of auspicious days. "Please, Nancy," I said, "get us some dates. He didn't even appear in public on his birthday."

The next morning Mrs. Reagan told me that she had done so. The First Lady's Friend had previously looked with favor on Thursday, Feb. 26, for a press conference, because it came about a week after the Tower board planned to issue its report. "I hope you haven't discussed that date with anybody," Mrs. Reagan said. "I'm not sure we should have a press conference."

"Why not, Nancy?" I asked. "We need one. Feb. 26 would represent a period of three months since his last press conference on Nov. 19. We can't have him talking to himself in the West Wing. It looks like we're shielding him."

"What do you mean, 'shielding him'?" Mrs. Reagan asked. "We're not shielding Ronnie; the press is just writing it that way. I wish you'd never said he could have a press conference."

"But I have said it. And there is going to be a press conference."

"O.K.," Mrs. Reagan cried. "Have your damn press conference."

"You bet I will!" I said.

The press reported soon after this incident that I had hung up on the First Lady. That may be true, but if it is, it is only because I was quicker than Mrs. Reagan. It seemed to me that it was a race between two angry people to slam down the receiver. I really don't know who won.

Five days later the Tower board asked for yet another postponement.

Now the board hoped to issue its report on Feb. 26. In the afternoon Marlin Fitzwater, the new White House spokesman, told me that the First Lady had phoned him to say he didn't have to be quite so firm in defending me before the press. Fitzwater, who had been in his difficult job for only 2½ weeks, was puzzled. I explained the situation and suggested he stand back out of the way.

The First Lady had continued to advocate Jack Koehler. I was reluctant to act until the background investigation was complete. I had no premonition; I was just exercising routine prudence. The next morning, Friday, Feb. 13, the President pulled a note out of his pocket and read it. I think Frank Donatelli should be the one for the political job, the President said amiably. And this Jack Koehler ought to be the communications person. On Monday morning, Feb. 16, referring to another scrap of paper, the President raised the subject again. After later, the President consulted the scrap of paper again. You're taking care of Koehler and Donatelli? he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied. "I'm taking care of that." The President crumpled up his scrap of paper and threw it into the wastebasket.

Jack Koehler was appointed director of communications on Thursday, Feb. 19. That same day NBC reported that Koehler had been a member of the Hitler Youth during his boyhood in Nazi Germany. Somehow this information had never surfaced in the pre-employment background checks. Asked for an explanation, Koehler said he had joined when he was ten years old to see whether he liked it. The Hitler Youth



NOVEMBER 1985: MEETING GORBACHEV IN GENEVA

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

For the Record

was a sort of German Boy Scout movement, he explained.

This revelation was all the more embarrassing because the press already knew, as a result of leaks that had detailed the reasons for the discord between Mrs. Reagan and me, that Koehler had been the First Lady's candidate. The Washington Post reported that I had told the staff that "the 'East Wing' was responsible for an oversight in checking [Koehler's] background."

At 10:10 a.m. on Monday, Feb. 23, Vice President Bush called me into his office, which was next to mine. He said, "Don, why don't you stick your head into the Oval Office and talk to the President about your situation?"

I asked Bush why. The President already knew that I planned to leave after the Tower report came out but not before; he and I had agreed on that.

"Well," Bush replied in his usual courteous tones, "the President asked me if I knew what your plans were."

At about 10:15, I went into the Oval Office. I asked the President if he wanted to talk about my situation.

I think it's about time, Don, he replied.

I felt drained but combative. "All right, Mr. President," I said. "Why don't you tell me? Where's your head on this? What do you think I should do?"

The President leaned back in his chair, a sure sign that he was disturbed. Well, good Lord, Don, he said. This last week-end the airwaves were filled with all that stuff about Nancy. She's being blamed for Koehler unfairly. I was the one who wanted him. She never met him.

I kept silent, determined to do nothing that would make it easy for him to play this scene. He said, I think it's time we do that thing that you said when we talked in November.

In November I had told the President I would go quietly on a signal from him if at any time he thought I had become a burden. "I'll stick by that," I said. "I'll go whenever you say."

Well, he said, since the report is coming out on Thursday, I think it would be appropriate for you to bow out now.

His words shocked me. I said heatedly, "What do you mean, 'now'? You can't do that to me, Mr. President. If I go before that report is out, you throw me to the wolves. I deserve better treatment."

My temper was up; I made no attempts to conceal it but

said a great deal more on loyalty and its rewards. My anger and surety took the President aback. He was shaken and not quite sure what to do or say next. Finally he said, Well, what do you think would be right?

"The first part of next week," I replied. "Let the report come out; let the world see what really happened and where the blame lies. I'm willing to take my chances on that."

The President agreed. As we talked for a few more minutes, the subject of Mrs. Reagan's role in managing the presidency came up. Again I spoke very frankly. The President seemed surprised at what I had to say. Naturally he defended his wife. I'll bet all that took place while I was convalescing, he said.

I told him that Mrs. Reagan's activities went far beyond a sincere wife's concern for his health. "I thought I was chief of staff to the President," I said, "not to his wife. I have to tell you, sir, that I'm very bitter. You're allowing the loyal to be punished, and those with their own agenda to be rewarded."

The President, who dislikes confrontations more than any other man I have ever known, looked at me without anger.

Well, we'll try to make that up by the way we handle this, he said softly. We'll make sure that you go out in good fashion.

Even as I left the Oval Office, angry and humiliated, yet understanding the rules that Presidents and their servants live by, I believed that this President, genial and kind and good at heart, and surely grateful for the six years of loyal service I had given him, would do me no harm in my last hours at his side. In that, I was very much mistaken.

"I Feel for You, Don, but That's It"

THE TOWER BOARD'S report, the last barrier to my resignation as chief of staff, came out on Thursday, Feb. 26, 1987.

"There is no need for slashing of wrists," John Tower, the chairman, told the President when they met at 10 that morning in the Cabinet Room. Tower assured Reagan that the board had found no evidence that the President had participated in a cover-up, or authorized one.

I remained virtually silent throughout this meeting. It was

Poindexter the Imperturbable

At 7:40 a.m. on the day after the President learned that money from the Iran arms sales had been diverted to the Nicaraguan *contras*, I found John Poindexter in his West Wing office. I did not know then that 30 minutes earlier Ed Meese had given him the same message I was carrying: the President wanted his resignation as National Security Adviser. Poindexter sat at the end of a polished conference table, eating breakfast alone, as was his habit. In retrospect I marvel at his calm self-control. Not every man would sit down to a plate of ham and eggs half an hour after learning he was being fired under circumstances of public disgrace.

We did not say good-morning. He looked up in his blinking way and offered me a cup of coffee. I refused it but sat down at the table. Poindexter, waiting for me to speak, went on eating his eggs and toast. I said, "John, what the hell happened? What went on here? What did you know about all this?"

The unflappability for which Poindexter was admired did not desert him now. He put down his knife and fork, dabbed at his mouth with his napkin, and said, "I had a

feeling that something bad was going on, but I didn't investigate it, and I didn't do a thing about it. I really didn't want to know. I felt sorry for the *contras*. I was so damned mad at Tip O'Neill for the way he was dragging the *contras* around that I didn't want to know what, if anything, was going on. I should have, but I didn't."

"I'm sorry, John, but you'd better have your resignation ready when you come in to see the President at 9:30."

Poindexter sighed, his first sign that anything out of the ordinary had been happening. "I think you're right."

When Poindexter, unblinking and ramrod straight, came into the Oval Office, he simply handed the President a letter of resignation; the President, tight-lipped and sorrowful, held it unopened.

Poindexter said, "I'm sorry it's come to this, Mr. President." So am I, John, the President replied.

Poindexter told the President he should have investigated North's activities but had not done so. (Later, before the select committees on Capitol Hill, he said he did have knowledge of North's activities and had approved them without Reagan's knowledge.) The President said nothing. After an awkward moment, Poindexter left. The two did not shake hands or say goodbye.

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When Bill Demby was in Vietnam, he used to dream of coming home and playing a little basketball with the guys.

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Thanks to these efforts, Bill Demby

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For the Record

Peter Wallison, the counsel to the President, who asked what was, for me, the Sixty-Four-Dollar Question. "What about the charges that the chief of staff was in on the cover-up—is that true?"

"No," John Tower replied. "We only have one paragraph on Regan in the whole report. People are going to be disappointed when they see that there's nothing sensational about Don Regan."

As Tower spoke, I had not read the paragraph in question. It said: "More than any other chief of staff in recent memory, [Regan] asserted personal control over the White House staff and sought to extend this control to the National Security Adviser. He was personally active in national security affairs and attended almost all of the relevant meetings regarding the Iran initiative. He, as much as anyone, should have insisted that an orderly process be observed. In addition, he especially should have ensured that plans were made for handling any public disclosure of the initiative. He must bear primary responsibility for the chaos that descended upon the White House when such disclosure did occur."

This paragraph is mistaken in its assumptions, defective in its evidence and wrong in its conclusions. The Tower board never interviewed a single member of the White House staff besides me about anything, much less my methods of management, and never asked me whether I had "sought to extend [personal] control to the National Security Adviser." Lacking such control, no chief of staff could have effectively "insisted that an orderly process be observed" because he would have been giving orders to a man who did not work for him. The only plan I had for "handling any public disclosure" was to discover and tell the whole truth. As to the responsibility for the chaos that descended on the White House, that appears to have been written in the stars.

On Thursday afternoon, Feb. 26, the day the Tower report was issued, Vice President Bush sent word that he wished to see me. "I guess he's the messenger," I said to my associates. At 1:30 p.m. I walked next door to his office.

"I've just had lunch with the President," Bush told me. "He asked me to find out what your plans are . . . about leaving."

My temper flared. "What's the matter—isn't he man enough to ask me that question himself? I told him I'd leave after the Tower report came out and he said O.K. Does he want me out today?"

"No," Bush said, "I don't think so."

"If I go now, I'm part of the scandal," I said. "That's what Nancy Reagan and Deaver and Stu Spencer want, but I won't have it that way. I'm determined that I will not have it look as if I'm going out because of the Tower report."

The Vice President sighed. "I know it's rough," he said. "But the President wants it to go smoothly. He mentioned that letter of resignation you showed him last October." This was a reference to my statement to the President, before the Iran-contra affair was exposed, that I

wished to leave the White House after the November elections.

"I don't see how it's going to go smoothly," I said. "I've been hacked to pieces in the press and now, after two years as the President's chief of staff and four years as his Secretary of the Treasury, I'm being fired like a shoe clerk. I'm bitter, George, and you can tell that to the President."

Bush was embarrassed by my outburst. He attempted to console me by praising the job I had done and expressing his admiration and friendship. I did not thank him for his kindness as I should have done.

Before we parted, he raised a question about the President's schedule. I told him it was in the hands of an astrologer in San

Francisco. Bush listened to the history of my dealings with Mrs. Reagan on this question with surprise and consternation on his features. When I was finished, he uttered what was a strong expletive for George Bush.

"Good God," he said, "I had no idea."

He did not ask if the President knew about the Friend. I understood his reluctance perfectly, because this was a question I myself had never asked.

A few minutes later I asked Bush if he had seen the President since our talk. He replied, "Yes, I've told him what you told me, and the President seemed relieved."

"Did you tell him that I would be leaving next week—and did he say O.K. to that?"

"Yes," said Bush.

A weight lifted from my shoulders. "In that case," I said, "the President will have my resignation on Monday morning."

Bush gave me a sympathetic look. "I don't want you to think I'm trying to flatter you," he said. "But I think you should know that the President told me just a moment ago that he's going to miss you. He valued your frankness. He said that you always gave him both sides of any question, and if he asked for an opinion, you gave it to him straight, directly and openly."

"Then why am I being booted out?" I asked. "Why the haste? What have I done wrong?"

"It's nothing in particular," said Bush. "It's just been a wearing away. It's those attacks on you night after night on the tube and the President's seeing it after he goes upstairs. He can't stand it. He wants to make a new start."

"I understand," I said. "But I wish to hell he'd had the manliness to tell me himself instead of using you as a go-between."

"I feel for you, Don,"

Bush said, "but that's it."

The next morning, Friday, Feb. 27, the President greeted me and George Bush when we arrived together as usual for the 9 o'clock meeting as if it were an ordinary morning.

Reagan gave me a pleasant look and said, George told me of your conversation yesterday. That's fine by me. I said nothing. The subject was not mentioned again.

That morning, Frank Carlucci had told me that he had heard that Howard Baker, the former Senate majority leader, had already been chosen as my

"I'm being fired like a shoe clerk," I told Bush. "I'm bitter, George, and you can tell that to the President."



NOVEMBER 1985: POST-SUMMIT RELAXATION

DONALD T. REGAN

For the Record



MAY 1986: "I BELIEVED THAT THIS PRESIDENT WOULD DO ME NO HARM. I WAS VERY MUCH MISTAKEN"

successor. Later in the day at a meeting with the Republican leaders of Congress, the President said he thought that they would be pleased with his new chief of staff.

All this, discourteous though it was, seemed normal enough. After all, Monday would be my last day; the arrangements had been made. To get my version of my resignation on the record, in midafternoon I talked separately to Gerald Boyd of the *New York Times* and Barry Seaman and Dave Beckwith of *TIME* about my departure.

As I said goodbye to the reporters at about 3 p.m., Carlucci was waiting. He had just heard that Cable News Network was broadcasting a report that Howard Baker was the new chief of staff.

I dictated a resignation letter to my secretary. It read:

Dear Mr. President:

I hereby resign as Chief of Staff to the President of the United States.

Respectfully yours,
Donald T. Regan

Tom Dawson, my executive assistant, went down the hall with the letter. Meanwhile, Carlucci was urging me to speak with the President. "No," I said. "That would be undignified. And I don't trust myself to speak to him. I'm too mad. There's been a deliberate leak, and it's been done to humiliate me."

Carlucci said I couldn't go without talking to the President. He asked my permission to call Reagan and rushed out. A few moments later the telephone rang. It was the President.

Don, I'm terribly sorry about what's happened, he said. I didn't mean for this to happen.

I did not trust myself to reply. The President spoke again. The report was accurate, he said. Howard will be the new chief of staff. He's looking forward to talking to you.

"I'm sorry, Mr. President, but I won't be in anymore," I said. "This is my last day. I've been your Secretary of the Treasury for four years and your chief of staff for two. You don't trust me enough even to tell me who my successor is and make a smooth transfer. I deserved better treatment than this. I'm through. I'm very disappointed."

Don, listen, the President said. I intended to proceed just as we had discussed. My plan was to say that you wanted to resign in November after the elections and had in fact prepared a letter in October. Then came Iran, and so you stayed on to help in a time of trouble. I planned to let everyone know you had told me more than a week ago that you had made the decision to go after the Tower report was issued and that you are now carrying out that intention.

The President added that he still intended to make that statement.

I hope you'll go along with that, Don, he said.

I could not do it. I said, "No, Mr. President, it's over. All that's left for me to say is goodbye."

Speaking very softly, Ronald Reagan said, I'm sorry.

Although he and I have seen each other at public events, we have never to this day spoken again.

The White House
Washington
February 27, 1987

Dear Don:

In accepting your resignation I want you to know how deeply grateful I am for all that you have done for this Administration and for our country. As Secretary of the Treasury you planted the seeds for the most far-reaching tax reform in our history. As Chief of Staff you worked tirelessly and effectively for the policies and programs we proposed to the Congress.

I know that you stayed on beyond the time you had set for your return to private life, and did so because you felt you could be of help in a time of trouble. You were of help and I thank you. Whether on the deck of your beloved boat or on the fairway, in the words of our forefathers, may the sun shine warm upon your face, the wind be always at your back, and may God hold you in the hollow of His hand.

Sincerely,
Ron (signed)

In my time with President Reagan, I had seen many such letters, so I knew that someone else had written it for him. ■

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Guesswork Presidency

March 11, 1981

To this day I have never had so much as one minute alone with Ronald Reagan! Never has he, or anyone else, sat down in private to explain to me what is expected of me, what goals he would like to see me accomplish, what results he wants. Since I am accustomed to management by objective, where people have "in writing" what is expected and explicit standards are set, this has been most disconcerting. How can one do a job if the job is not defined? I have been struggling to do what I consider the job to be, and let others tell me if I'm wrong or not doing the right thing. (So far no one has said!) This . . . is dangerous.



THIS EXCERPT FROM A NOTE I wrote to myself in a spiral notebook late in the second month of the Reagan Administration is interesting as a commentary on the nature of the 40th presidency and as a prophecy of things to come of my own life in Washington. In four years as Secretary of the Treasury, I never saw President Reagan alone and never discussed economic philosophy or fiscal and monetary policy with him one-on-one. From first day to last, I was flying by the seat of my pants. The President never told me what he believed or wanted to accomplish in the field of economics. I had to figure these things out like any other American, by studying his speeches and reading the newspapers.

In our telephone conversation on Dec. 3, 1980, when the President asked me to be his Secretary of the Treasury, he said, "I'll see you in Washington." That was what he meant—literally. There was no summons to California or Blair House, no private meeting in which the President-elect gave me my instructions as his chief spokesman on economic policy. After I accepted the job, he simply hung up and vanished.

In 1981 I did not yet understand that this was the way Ronald Reagan did business—that his public persona was his real persona. For a while I was anxious that this method of running the world's greatest economy might wreck the new presidency. Happily, I was wrong. Reagan's openness created an atmosphere of confidence and political dynamism that produced the longest economic recovery in peacetime and the highest levels of employment in the history of the U.S. The President had very little to do with the invention and implementation of the policies and mechanisms that encouraged this remarkable surge. He was content to exercise the symbolic powers of his office—and his astonishing skill in doing so was, of course, the very thing that made success possible.

After a short time I realized that there was no good reason why the President should call his Secretary of the Treasury into his presence and tell him confidentially that he had meant what he said about federal spending and fiscal and monetary policy. The President seemed to believe that his public statements were all the guidance his private advisers required. Ronald Reagan's campaign promises were his policy. To him, in his extreme simplicity of character and belief, this was obvious. It has never been obvious to the political sophisticates who have supposed that Reagan's political motives are suspect and his achievements are accidental. But I believe it is the truth.

Once I had grasped that my job as Secretary of the Treasury was to find ways to carry out the President's promises, I understood that I was free to interpret his words and implement his intentions in my field according to my best judgment. Theodore Roosevelt believed that the President could conduct his office in any way that was not specifically prohibited by the Constitution. Reagan, who laid down no rules and articulated no missions, conferred a Rooseveltian latitude on his subordinates. This liberated the inventiveness and the competitiveness of his lieutenants—along with many less desirable qualities.

My job was to establish an atmosphere of frank give-and-take with the President on the policies and actions Treasury proposed to undertake. I had to do this in the presence of the sizable group that gathered wherever the President happened to be receiving one of his advisers. It was difficult in these circumstances to break through the soporific language and formal manners that are habitual in the presence of a President. Early on, however, I broke through to Ronald Reagan, the man, on a matter that touched his ready sympathy for individual Americans and their problems.

The Treasurer was responsible for selling Series E savings bonds, and this was the issue I raised. The ancestors of Series E were the Liberty Bonds and Victory Bonds of the two World Wars, and patriotism had always been an important motivation for buying them. At one time, when six-month certificates of deposit were yielding 18% annually, these bonds paid interest of 5% on a sum invested for 25 years. The inequity of the situation exasperated me.

"Mr. President," I said, "I don't know how you expect me to sell these goddamn things when I know that the buyer is getting ripped off. The Government doesn't put out a prospectus on Series E bonds, but if it did, we'd all deserve to go to jail. Five percent with a 13% rate of inflation? It's a fraud, and we're perpetrating it on the very people who trust us most and know the least about money."

Suddenly, the President was fully alert. I can't believe what I'm hearing, he said. We can't do that to people. I take it you want to change the situation?

"I certainly do." Then go to it, the President said.

With the very able assistance of James Robinson, head of American Express, we introduced a new issue that yielded at least 7.5%. By then the rate of inflation was down to 4%, and I had no trouble recommending the bonds as a good investment.

THE BAFFLING SYSTEM in which the President seldom spoke while his advisers proposed measures that contradicted his ideas and promises created uncertainty. The President sent out no strong signals. He listened, encouraged, deferred. But it was a rare meeting in which he made a decision or issued orders. His personality and his infectious likability are founded on a natural diffidence.

That was not the only reason. To an unusual degree, Reagan is loath to cause inconvenience or embarrassment. Once, a minor fire broke out in the West Wing study. The President happened to be working there. Although he heard the disturbance and noticed the smoke, he continued reading with smoldering eyes until the guards asked if he wouldn't like to move

“ [Reagan] sent out no strong signals. It was a rare meeting in which he made a decision or issued orders. ”

while they put out the fire and the place was aired out. He hadn't wanted to bother anybody.

AFTER I SWAPPED jobs in early 1985 with Jim Baker, leaving Treasury to become Ronald Reagan's chief of staff, I was able to observe the style of management that had applied in Reagan's first term. Mike Deaver stayed on as deputy chief of staff for three months before setting up his own public relations firm, and Ed Meese was also on hand for about a month awaiting confirmation as Attorney General. Both men sat in on all my meetings with the President. Devoted to Reagan and determined to preserve him from harm and embarrassment, they accepted that this often meant dissuading him from acting on his bedrock convictions because of the political costs.

The Reagans gave Deaver a remarkably free hand in arranging the details of their lives. He anticipated most problems and dealt with the ones that slipped through the system. This is a legitimate objective founded on strong precedents: an unhappy monarch is a dangerous monarch. If this is carried too far, of course, you can end up with a Louis XIV, who required an entire roomful of people to help him dress. Reagan was far too sensible to let personal service degenerate into servility, but his assistants' efforts to preserve him from conflict and from his own accommodating instincts did combine to insulate him from the hubbub of life.

Deaver's job was to advise the President on image, and image was what he talked about nearly all the time. It was Deaver who identified the story of the day at the 8 a.m. staff meeting and coordinated plans for dealing with it, Deaver who created and approved photo opportunities, Deaver who alerted the President to the snares being laid by the press that day. He saw—designed—each presidential action as a one- or two-minute spot on the evening network news, or a picture on Page One of the *Washington Post* or the *New York Times*, and conceived every presidential appearance in terms of camera angles.

If the President was scheduled to make a ceremonial appearance in the Rose Garden, he could be sure that he and his guests would be facing the sun so that the cameras would have the light behind them. In the morning, when the sun was over the Treasury, the President stood on the steps right outside the Oval Office; in the afternoon, on the long side of the colonnade. His position was always chosen with the idea of keeping him as far away as possible from the reporters who might shout questions. Every moment of every public appearance was scheduled; every word was scripted; every place where Reagan was expected to stand was chalked with toe marks. The President was always being



JANUARY 1986: "THE ANTITHESIS OF MOST RECENT PRESIDENTS"

prepared for a performance, and this tended to preserve him from confrontation and the genuine interplay of opinion, question and argument that form the basis of decision.

The President accepted these arrangements with what seemed to me to be practically superhuman good nature. *Second nature* might be the better term; he had been doing this kind of thing—learning his lines, composing his facial expression, hitting his toe marks—for half a century. As Deaver and others rehearsed him for an appearance, they would say to the President, "You'll go out the door and down the steps. The podium is ten steps to the right, and the audience will be in a semi-circle with the cameras at the right-hand end of the half-moon; when you finish speaking take two steps back but don't leave the podium, because they're going to present you with a patchwork quilt." Larry Speakes would caution him that he should watch out for questions on X or Y. Reagan would smile and nod: Yup, yup, that's fine, all right; thanks fellows.

Deaver (and later, I) would slap him on the back and out he'd go. The scripted part of his performance was always flawless. But after it was over, he often broke out of the role and into his own original character, answering questions that he should have ignored, making news that his advisers had hoped he would not make. He couldn't help himself. It was not in Ronald Reagan to say, To hell with you, buster—that's a tricky question, and I'm not going to answer it. If leather-lunged Sam Donaldson belovew a question across the Rose Garden, the President's natural politeness compelled him to answer it.

Deaver, Speakes and the others would then scurry to contain what they regarded as the "damage." But what did an off-hand reply really matter? These glimpses of Reagan's fallibility on small matters did him no harm with the people. They knew where he stood on the great issues and did not expect him to know everything; he was the leader of the free world, not a student taking an oral exam administered by journalists.

Reagan's preoccupation was with what might be called the "outer presidency." He was content to let others cope with the inner details. In this he was the antithesis of most recent Presidents. Nixon might discuss the tiniest details of China policy with his staff; Carter might micromanage a commando raid in the Iranian desert from the White House.

But Reagan chose his aides and then followed their advice almost without question. He trusted his lieutenants to act on his intentions, rather than on his spoken instructions, and though he sometimes asked what less visible Cabinet officers were doing, he seldom spontaneously called for a detailed status report. The degree of trust involved in this method of leadership might

For the Record

be unprecedented. Sometimes this trust was betrayed in shocking fashion. When that happened, Reagan seldom criticized, seldom complained, never scolded. Not even the Iran-contra debacle could provoke him into harsh words, much less subordinates who had let him down.

Never—absolutely never in my experience—did President Reagan really lose his temper or utter a rude or unkind word. Never did he issue a direct order, although I, at least, sometimes devoutly wished that he would. He listened, acquiesced, played his role and waited for the next act to be written. To me, this was an altogether baffling way of doing things. But Reagan's method had worked well enough for the nation under his leadership to transform its mood from pessimism to optimism, its economy from stagnation to steady growth and its position in the world from weakness to strength.

THE PRESIDENT'S DAY-TO-DAY ROUTINE rarely varied much. A few minutes before 9 a.m., Vice President Bush and I stationed ourselves in the office of Kathy Osborne, the President's secretary. Promptly at 8:59 we would see him striding along the colonnade from the family quarters. As soon as he glimpsed Kathy through the windows, the President would unfailingly give her a grin and a big wave. In the Oval Office, he would sometimes open the bottom drawer of his desk, extract a big plastic bag filled with acorns gathered at Camp David and feed the squirrels that waited outside the glass door. He was never late or early except when the First Lady was out of town. Then he would come in a few minutes early, catching us all by surprise. Once I asked him what had thrown him off schedule.

I couldn't sleep with Nancy away, he confessed.

When he went upstairs to the family quarters around 4 o'clock, he took a thick folder of homework with him—briefing papers, communications from foreign and domestic leaders, decision-making documents to be read and signed. He never failed to deal with every single item, five pages or 500. His first act every morning was to deliver his completed homework to Kathy Osborne or to me for filing or dispatch. Reagan's discipline and study habits were unique—but once he had completed an assignment he seemed to lose interest in it.

It would be hard to imagine anyone enjoying a job more than Ronald Reagan enjoys being President of the U.S. The scrupulous way in which he observed his daily schedule, checking off each event with a pencil after it ended and preparing for the next, gave his life a regularity and a tangible measure of accomplishment that evidently was deeply pleasing to him. He seemed to feel that his schedule set him free: he knew exactly what to expect all day long, every day.

Reagan's natural courtesy prevented him from changing his own schedule. Never did he decide on the spur of the moment to wipe his calendar clean and, say, work on a speech. To do so would have caused an upheaval and wasted the work of the dozens of people who prepared for any presidential activity. He seemed genuinely horrified at the prospect of causing embarrassment or disappointment or inconvenience to another. If he promised that he would do something, he did it.

With his ready humor and his strong handshake, he is a man's man, and women admire him for the same qualities, as well as for his handsome presence. Although he is truly uxorious, he tends to be more animated in the presence of women, to whom he is unfailingly gallant. He genuinely enjoys the company of the opposite sex. Reagan generally loved the give-and-take of policy discussions in Cabinet meetings, when he could pronounce on the broad general principles that primarily interested him. But the presence of Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick or Secretary of Transportation Elizabeth Dole always made for a heightened presidential mood: he was more amusing, more talkative, more a participant than a presence.

On the other hand, Reagan was habitually shy and withdrawn in personal meetings with people he did not know well, especially if the visitor happened to be present as an expert. Then jokes were usually omitted, and the President would listen intently but seldom speak. He was reluctant even to meet with some of his speechwriters because they were comparative strangers to him. Sometimes, when the subject was esoteric, Reagan would be particularly passive, and I would occasionally ask him why afterward. It would usually turn out that he had hesitated to ask questions because he did not wish to seem uninformed in the presence of people he did not know well. ■

Taxing Matters

To introduce the subject of tax reform, I asked the President a question about his old employer: "What does General Electric have in common with Boeing, General Dynamics and 57 other big corporations?"

Reagan's interest was immediately aroused. He had fond memories of his days as a television host and traveling goodwill ambassador for GE. I don't know, he said, leaning forward in his chair and smiling. What?

"Let me tell you, Mr. President," I replied. "Not one of them pays a penny in taxes to the U.S. Government."

What? The President said. His shock was genuine.

"Believe it or not, Mr. President," I continued, "your secretary paid more federal taxes last year than all of those giant companies put together."

The President flushed, a sure sign of surprise and discomfort. I just can't believe that, he said.

"It's the truth," I replied. "I checked the figures with Roscoe Egger at IRS, and he tells me there's no doubt about it. It's perfectly legal, but it's wrong. Mr. President, when a hardworking secretary pays more to support her government than 60 of the richest corporations in the land. The time has come to do something fundamental about the tax system. It's too complicated, it's grotesquely

unfair, and it's a drag on the economy because it discourages competition."

The President's cheeks were carmine, and there was a spark of resolution in his eye. He said, I agree, Don. I just didn't realize that things had gotten that far out of line.

Not long after this, the President said in his 1984 State of the Union address, "I am asking Secretary of the Treasury Don Regan for a plan for action to simplify the entire tax code, so all taxpayers, big and small, are treated more fairly. I have asked that specific recommendations . . . be presented to me by December 1984."

A wave of laughter rippled through the House. As my blood rose, I realized that most of the Congressmen and Senators were laughing because, like the men in the White House, they thought true tax reform was a pipe dream. They may even have believed that the President thought so too, or else that he was a true naïf—for who else would believe that a measure that engaged the most selfish concerns of the most powerful interests in the nation could be accomplished by his deadline, only eleven months off?

The laughter swelled to a louder pitch. My anger rose. Just wait, I'll show you guys, I said to myself. My department's proposals were submitted just ten months later. And in October 1986 a sweeping tax-reform measure was signed by Ronald Reagan.

The First Lady's Astrologer

Nancy's "Friend" proves to be Nob Hill Socialite Joan Quigley



When the news broke last week that Nancy Reagan regularly consulted a woman astrologer about the President's schedule, reporters immediately scrambled to discover the mysterious seer's identity. Who was this "Friend" from San Francisco who had so much influence in determining when the President of the U.S. would—or would not—hold press conferences, deliver speeches, journey abroad? Not even Donald Regan, whose new book tells of the First Lady's reliance on the seer, learned the answer during his two years as White House chief of staff.

It could not be the celebrated Jeane Dixon, since the Reagans lost faith in her powers some years back. Was it Joyce Jillson, a starlet turned celebrity astrologer who quickly let everybody know that she had "spent a lot of time at the White House" after 1981 and that her charts had recommended George Bush as Reagan's 1980 running mate? Neither the President nor the First Lady recalls ever meeting Jillson.

In fact, the First Lady's oracle is San Francisco Heiress Joan Quigley, author of three books on astrology, including *Astrology for Teens* (written under the pseudonym Angel Star). Her name surfaced in Friday's *San Francisco Chronicle*, which carried a brief item speculating that she might be Mrs. Reagan's astrologer. Interviewed Saturday aboard a New York-San Francisco flight, Quigley told TIME that she was first introduced to Nancy Reagan by TV Talk Show Host Merv Griffin in the early 1970s, and has provided the Reagans with suggestions about the timing of various political events ever since.

"I advise them when to be careful," she says. "I don't make decisions for them." It was on the basis of her readings, claims Quigley, that Reagan chose January 1984 as the time to announce his bid for re-election. "An astrologer just picks the best possible time to do something that someone else has already planned to do," she adds. "It is like being in the ocean: you should go with the waves, not against them."

Thin and well-coiffed, Quigley, sixtyish, is not unlike many of the First Lady's California friends. The daughters of John B. Quigley, a San Francisco hotelier and prominent Republican, Joan and her sister Ruth grew up in a penthouse suite overlooking Union Square. Although both were noted for their beauty, neither married.

Today the sisters reside in a lux-

urious cream-color apartment building atop exclusive Nob Hill. Both are fixtures at local theater openings and society fund raisers. "Joan is elegant, witty, articulate and strikingly pretty," says her friend Beatrice Bowles. But another acquaintance of 20 years who requested anonymity describes Quigley as "conservative, very private and a little wacky."

Quigley's interest in the stars began at the age of 15. As a lark, her mother decided to visit an astrologer. Upon hearing about the session, Joan marveled at the seer's prescience and was hooked. After graduating from Vassar in 1947, Quigley returned to San Francisco where the very same astrologer, an elderly Scotchwoman, took her under her wing. Quigley went on to write about astrology for *Seventeen* magazine and in books and to make regular radio and television appearances.

In her writings, Quigley likens astro-

logy to medical diagnosis. A horoscope, she insists, "can tell you more about yourself than a psychiatrist can tell you after many hours of consultations on his couch." Bemoaning astrology's "lost respectability," Quigley once predicted that stargazing eventually "will be taught in the schools and colleges and will be considered a profession on a par with medicine and law."

Astrology for Adults, a primer for those new to the discipline, explains the traits associated with various heavenly configurations and contains several indirect references to Ronald Reagan. Quigley writes that Reagan, an Aquarian who was born with the moon in Taurus, would "tend to accept only ideas that conform to... preconceived standards. And these are usually conservative." Since Reagan was born with Mercury in Capricorn, his "memory is excellent. Like the elephant, you never forget."

Several fellow astrologers are decidedly cool toward Quigley. Marion D. March, who prepares charts for many Hollywood stars, dismisses her as a "media astrologer" because of her many TV appearances. Others in the astrological community grouse that Quigley is too aloof. But Jay Jacobs, another San Francisco practitioner, asks, "If she's doing astrology for the Reagans, what does she need with the rest of the community?"

Although the First Lady was intent on protecting Quigley's identity, the socialite did attend an April 1985 state dinner at the White House in honor of the President of Algeria. For the most part, however, the two women talked by phone on weekends, when the Reagans were relaxing at Camp David. Periodically, Quigley would place a collect call to the White House switchboard, and Nancy would scurry to a private room to take it. A White House aide recalls a time when the First Lady was on two phones at once—Quigley on one line and a presidential scheduler on the other. Quigley says she has met the President once, at the state dinner, and talked to him once on the telephone. "I know his horoscope upside down, but I don't know him," she says. "I deal with Nancy."

No matter how much stock the First Lady put in Quigley's advice, the astrologer is certainly fallible. According to a friend, Quigley had been predicting for months that a major earthquake would rock San Francisco on May 5. She was out of the city on that day, which may or may not show that she takes her own forecasts seriously. But May 5 came and went with nary a tremble—except perhaps on Quigley's personal Richter scale. That was the last day of blissful anonymity for the First Lady's astrologer. —By Laurence Zuckerman. Reported by Wayne Svoboda and Dennis Wyss/San Francisco



A Friend in need: Quigley in a 1971 publicity picture



Jeane Dixon



Joyce Jillson

The Emerging Child-Care Issue

Just how should the Federal Government get into the act?



Something has to be done soon to help working parents care for their children—and the Federal Government cannot avoid playing a role. With those propositions there is suddenly no longer any serious disagreement. Michael Dukakis says so, and so do Jesse Jackson and, mutedly, George Bush. In Congress, legislation is being pushed not only by liberal Democrats but also by Senator Orrin Hatch, a Utah Republican who normally cannot be found within miles of any proposal to increase social spending. Most surprising, the Reagan Administration, after seven years of virtually ignoring the problem, is now pulling itself together to develop some sort of pro-child-care position.

So is there a consensus? No. Despite agreement that Washington must do something, the question of what ignites differences that burn beneath mere partisanship to issues of deep ideology. For example, should the Government be encouraging women to work and turn their children over to someone else's care? Thus child care is potentially one of the hottest topics of the presidential and congressional campaigns. Unlike debates over the budget or trade policy, this one hits millions of voters directly where they live. "The issue of child care is politically ripe," says Secretary of Labor Ann McLaughlin, who has almost single-handedly prodded a lethargic Administration into starting to take a position.

Nearly 20 million mothers of minors are working, including 57% of those with children under six. Many are unable to find anyone to care for their offspring at a price they can afford: an estimated 7 million latchkey children spend all or part of the day alone because their parents cannot get somebody to mind them. Those who can find care are frequently bitterly disappointed with its quality.

All three presidential candidates are dropping in on day-care centers to dramatize their concern. Jackson proclaims in every speech, "We can either fund Head Start and child care and day care on the front side of life, or welfare and jail care on the back side of life." He offers a program of federal subsidies and tax credits calculated to extend day care to 2.6 million additional children, more than double those who would be helped by the most ambitious proposal advanced by other Democrats.

Dukakis has found child care a big help in humanizing his rather aloof image. On the eve of the Ohio primary last week, he visited a center in Cincinnati and led children in a rousing chorus of *Itsy Bitsy Spider*. Though he has not spelled out a detailed policy, he points to the state-sponsored program he developed as Governor of Massachusetts, the most comprehensive in the nation. Over the past three years, it has increased placements in state-licensed centers by 20%, to 117,000 Bay State youngsters.

Bush, for the moment at least, is in a bind. Asked for his views on child care recently, the Vice President quipped, "I'm for it," before more seriously voicing deep

over home care by relatives. Many conservatives suggest vouchers that could be given to a grandmother or an aunt as well as to a day-care center.

Under constituent pressure, legislators have introduced more than 100 bills dealing with child care in one way or another. The two leading ones are opposing Senate plans (with House counterparts) offered by Connecticut Democrat Christopher Dodd, with 37 cosponsors, and Republican Hatch, with 15 cosponsors.

The Dodd bill, of which Dukakis generally approves, calls for a \$2.5 billion appropriation the first year and "such sums as may be necessary" thereafter. States could use the cash only in child-care programs that were approved by the Federal Government and run by licensed practitioners. Parents with family incomes of up to 115% of the median for their state would be eligible. The bill is thus a classic expression of Democratic philosophy:

heavy spending (more than the Government can afford in an era of giant deficits, say critics) on programs tightly controlled by Washington. In an example of the passions aroused by child care, Anti-Feminist Phyllis Schlafly, head of the Eagle Forum, hysterically thunders that the Dodd bill would "Sovietize the American family by warehousing babies" in day-care centers.

The Hatch bill is an equally clear expression of Republican philosophy: restricted federal spending (totally inadequate, say liberals) and local control. It would provide \$375 million the first year in the form of block grants to states, which could be spent in any way they wished as long as it was for child care. Among other things, the money could be

made available to church programs; the Dodd bill would allow churches to receive federal subsidies only if they refrained from promoting religion in any way. Hatch would also give a tax credit of up to 25% to businesses that set up child-care facilities on their premises, and grant triple tax exemptions for each child that a parent cared for at home. These provisions could easily make the Hatch bill cost far more than \$375 million a year when lost tax revenue is included. Liberals insist that Hatch's triple tax exemption would be almost meaningless for poor families, who do not pay high taxes.

Odds are that no legislation will be passed until the voters have chosen which President will sign or veto it. That is another reason that the issue is likely to be important in the fall campaign. —By George J. Church,

Reported by Jerome Cramer and Hays Gorey/
Washington

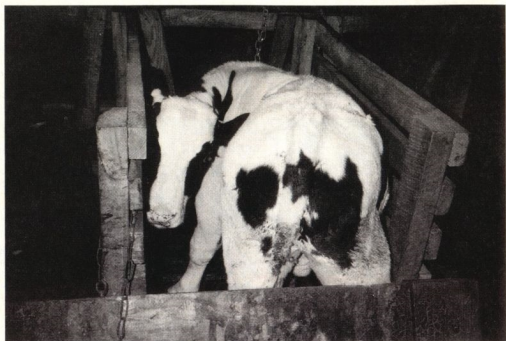


Dukakis and young friends at a day-care center in Harrisburg
Humanizing his aloof image amid calls for new spending.

concern. Right now all he can do is promise to make a major speech on the issue in June and put forth some guidelines (no new federal bureaucracy; help only to the poor, not the middle class) that will shape his position once he has one.

Bush's mushiness stems from the fact that the Administration is deeply divided over the issue. On one side are McLaughlin and others, who see child care as a workplace concern. On the other side are more ideological conservatives, who resist proposing anything that might be interpreted as discouraging women who want to stay home with their children. Thus Education Secretary William Bennett, at a congressional hearing last month on child care, spent much of his time outlining what kind of approach the Administration would not accept. Key conditions: the bill must not discriminate against families in which a parent stays home, and it must not favor day-care centers

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Veepstakes: Too Much, Too Soon



Not since Carly Simon allowed one of her most famous love ballads to be used for a Heinz cat-soup commercial has there been this much anticipation over so little. Suddenly, politicians and pundits have been seized by a peculiar malady known as Throttlebottom Frenzy. Bereft of its Mario scenarios, frustrated in its fantasies of brokered conventions, the political community is now obsessed with demonstrating its collective cleverness by divining the identities of the two vice-presidential nominees.

Every day there is a new rumor, another heartbeat-away boomlet. First it's Sam Nunn, then it's none of the above. Earthbound since 1984, John Glenn once again zooms into orbit. Republicans are beating the bushes in quest of the Vice President's Vice President. The roster of G.O.P. names in play is as long as George Bush's résumé. Speculation over the Veepstakes has often enlivened the last weeks before dull conventions, but never before have the guessing games been pursued with this much avidity while most voters still have spring fever.

Boredom is a major part of the explanation. Political reporters are as underemployed as Maytag repairmen. Michael Dukakis steamrolled over Jesse Jackson by almost a 3-to-1 vote in last week's Ohio and Indiana primaries and thereby flattened the last scant hopes of Democratic drama. With the vice presidency now the only game in town, the press is treating it with the same fate-of-the-earth gravity that was once lavished on the Iowa caucuses.

All this frenzy might be a harmless diversion, except that it badly exaggerates the importance of a job that John Nance Garner ridiculed as "not worth a pitcher of warm spit." There are five stages in the downward slide of a Vice President: 1) Euphoria, which rarely outlasts the convention; 2)

Examination, as the press rummages through back closets searching for another Ferraro furor; 3) Ennui, which sets in when the nominee learns that he is not permitted to make news as he barnstorms in backwaters like Biloxi and Butte; 4) Ephemeral Elevation, a honeymoon that lasts until the new Veep sees through the pious promises that he will be a "full partner" in the Administration; and 5) Effacement, as the sadder but wiser Veep realizes that he has achieved invisibility in Washington and notoriety at foreign funerals.

Ever since John Kennedy carried Texas in 1960 with Lyndon Johnson on the ticket, the political heft of the vice-presidential nominee has been shrouded in myth. These days, Democrats talk as if a Southern running mate would help Dukakis transcend his New England pedigree. But rarely has the bottom half of the ticket packed such a punch. Political Scientist Steven Rosenstone of the University of Michigan, who has studied state-by-

state presidential returns since 1948, says that at best a vice-presidential nominee can add about 2% to the ticket in his home state. Period. Richard Nixon grasped this elusive political truth when he said in 1968, "The Vice President can't help you. He can only hurt you." Such wisdom, of course, did not prevent Nixon from anointing Spiro Agnew.

The flickering odds of the vice-presidential tote boards are certain to dominate the news until the conventions. For all the inherent silliness of the Veep sweep, this leisurely period for reflection should protect Bush and Dukakis from Agnewesque folly. But a protracted and overdramatized fixation on personalities alone could reduce this phase to the political equivalent of the Academy Awards. When Bush and Dukakis finally utter the fateful words, "The envelope, please," remember they are choosing a potential President, not merely the Best Supporting Actor. —By Walter Shapiro



Grapevine

Nancy vs. Raisa, Part IV. Don't expect to see Raisa Gorbachev tagging along with Nancy Reagan on a day trip to Leningrad while their husbands meet in Moscow this month. The First Lady has said she does not want to be trapped for hours in the Hermitage museum with Mrs. Gorbachev, whom she considers patronizing and cold.

Banking on Bush. Are foreign governments trying to elect George Bush? Some economists think so. They contend that central banks in countries like Japan and West Germany, at the urging of Treasury Secretary James Baker, are temporarily helping protect the Republicans from an election-year recession by massively increasing support for the ailing dollar. David Hale, chief economist of Kemper Financial Services, notes that last year, while private investors fled from the dollar, foreign central banks rushed to the rescue, committing \$140 billion to support it. C. Fred Bergsten, a former senior Treasury official in the Carter Administration, says that if foreign banks pulled the plug, interest rates would jump 5 points, and a recession could begin in weeks.

Dirty diggers. An "opposition research" unit is a standard part of most presidential campaigns, and it has now become part of Bush's. A veteran staffer has been sent to Massachusetts to dig up dirt on Michael Dukakis. He has talked to the Governor's old political nemesis, Ed King, and others. But so far, a Bush staffer admits, "the stuff either doesn't check out or doesn't amount to much."

General confusion. Secretary of State George Shultz is furious that the White House announced it might allow General Manuel Noriega to remain in Panama if he gives up power. Last week Quiet George took his objections straight to the President. Reagan seemed baffled and said he was still determined to see Noriega leave. Sighs one State Department official: "The President, being the President, was surprised to discover what his own people were saying."

Quote of the week. Bush on Noriega: "I would like to see the strictest possible penalties for major kingpins, and whether he fits that description or not, I don't know."



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WASHINGTON Healing Biden



NORTH CAROLINA A Bush man yanks the shirt of a Robertson fan

GUNS

The Texas Pipeline

A 25-cal. semiautomatic handgun purchased for \$40 in Dallas commands \$150 on the street in New York City. With such profits at stake, it is no wonder that Texas, already a major corridor for narcotics from Central America, is turning into a principal source of guns for drug gangs around the U.S. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms figures that Texas trails only Florida as a black-market weapons supplier. Lax firearms laws require no waiting period or investigation of a buyer; gun smugglers send ordinary-looking shoppers, often women, from gun shop to gun shop, acquiring a weapon at each stop. Within a day, ATF has found, the firearms can turn up in such cities as New York and Washington. Texas retailers have nothing to hide. Says Richard L. Garner of the Dallas ATF office: "In most cases, we find the dealers are operating legally."

WASHINGTON

More Surgery For Joe Biden

Last fall it was hard not to notice Delaware's Senator Joseph Biden. The garrulous Democrat was in the spotlight

as a candidate for President, and after a plagiarism scandal forced his withdrawal, he remained at center stage as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee during the Bork hearings. But since February Joe Biden has been seen neither on TV nor in the Senate. Much of the time he has spent in Washington's Walter Reed Army Medical Center. He checked in on Feb. 12 so doctors could correct an aneurysm near his brain. He returned a month later with a blood clot. Last week Biden was back, again because of an aneurysm. In intensive care after surgery, he was said to be doing well. He is expected to return to duty in the near future.

GOVERNMENT

Massachusetts Misstep

For any other Governor, it would have been a minor flap over the state budget. But nothing is routine anymore for Michael Dukakis, especially when it allows Republicans to snicker at his much touted Massachusetts Miracle. Last week the front runner in the Democratic presidential campaign was forced to concede that sagging tax revenues have thrown his \$11.6 billion 1988 budget out of balance by more than \$300 million, with additional red ink forecast for 1989. Since the Massachusetts constitution mandates a balanced

budget, Dukakis must trim spending programs—a task that should be good practice if he ever moves to the Oval Office.

The Massachusetts misstep is certain to be magnified by the G.O.P. Already, Bush Spokesman Peter Teeley dubs the Duke's record "one of the greatest con jobs in American politics." But despite overheated G.O.P. rhetoric, Dukakis' budget woes are not insoluble and the state remains prosperous. The Governor's major political misdeed was to press for an overly aggressive expansion of state programs, in part so that he could brag about them on the campaign trail. Now he will be hard pressed to pay for them. It is all rather embarrassing for Dukakis—until one remembers the size of the Reagan Administration's deficits.

NORTH CAROLINA

Politics Ain't Beanbag

Although George Bush and Pat Robertson have declared a truce in the G.O.P. presidential campaign, Republicans in North Carolina's Fourth Congressional District apparently did not get the word. A gathering in sleepy Franklin County to pick three delegates to the national convention wound up as the Battle of Louisville. Fists flailed, noses bled, bodies flew off the stage.

Trouble started when the

Bush forces refused to seat some Robertson delegates. "Fraud!" yelled Robertson Leader Richard Hines, triggering a rush toward the podium. As bodies tumbled from the stage, Sheriff Arthur Johnson, a Democrat, restored calm by confronting the factions with a personal point of order: "If there's any trouble, I will fill my jail up."

DISASTERS

Big Blast In Nevada

It began as a small fire in a drying room at the Pacific Engineering & Production Co. of Nevada, a rocket-fuel plant in Henderson. But the blaze spread so swiftly that company fire crews dropped their hoses and sprinted for the exits, followed by most of the 74-man work force. Within minutes, the flames reached containers of highly combustible sodium perchlorate and other chemicals, and four explosions hurled fireballs and toxic black plumes skyward. A concussion measuring 3.5 on the Richter scale flipped over cars and shattered thousands of windows in the Las Vegas area. Although 350 people were treated for burns or minor injuries, there appeared to be only two deaths. Nevada Governor Richard Bryan called it a "miracle" that a blast so large had taken a toll so small.

POLAND

Duel of the Deaf

By turning to force, Jaruzelski imperils an ambitious reform program

Faced with the most serious outbreak of labor unrest since placing Poland under martial law more than six years ago, the regime of General Wojciech Jaruzelski seemed oddly uncertain about how to respond, whether to make strategic concessions or to lower the boom. For a while, the government tried a little of both. As the strikes spread to other major industrial centers and the country's universities last week, authorities continued to agree to wage increases in a few cases, acceded to mediation attempts by representatives of the Roman Catholic Church in others—but always with the explicit warning that stronger measures might be used eventually. In the end, they were. Attacking in the dead of night, more than 2,000 riot police and elite commandos routed several

hundred occupying strikers at the Nowa Huta steel mill near Cracow, reportedly injuring at least 40 of them. Meanwhile, police surrounded the more recently occupied Gdansk shipyard, isolating a strike force of about 1,000, which included Lech Walesa, legendary founder of the outlawed Solidarity independent trade union.

The move failed to bring an end to the strikes, which persisted in the form of massive absenteeism at Nowa Huta and some other job sites. The onslaught underscored the Jaruzelski regime's utter inability to find a common language with Poland's restive and embittered workers. The attack seemed to doom the government's ambitious plans for economic restructuring, which depend on the labor force's willingness to make temporary sacrifices while the country's centralized industries are

gradually exposed to more and more free-market forces. "Everybody knows what is at stake here," said Walesa, following the Nowa Huta attack. "As of today, the reform has failed."

The regime's reaction exposed its deep ambivalence about allowing political pluralism to creep into the reform program, especially any pluralism that might lead to a reborn Solidarity. Actually, Walesa and other union leaders became involved less as an overtly political force, which they ceased to be after the union was banned in 1981, than as elder statesmen. But even that presence was too much for Poland's Communist leadership. Charging that Solidarity sought only to "evoke crisis and a confrontation," Government Spokesman Jerzy Urban vowed that the regime "had not, does not

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BY GILES SHERIDAN



and will not talk" with union leaders.

Outside Poland, last week's unrest and the force used to quell it must have had a profoundly disquieting effect on the Soviet Union and its leader, Mikhail Gorbachev. The economic reform measures at the center of the Polish dispute, after all, are the local version of Gorbachev's campaign of *perestroika* (restructuring), and early setbacks in a key satellite hardly bode well for the vaster and still more intractable economy of the Soviet Union. The proximate cause of the wave of strikes in Poland was the imposition of price hikes, ranging from 40% for food staples to 100% for utility charges, aimed at bringing price levels roughly into line with market costs. A similar program of reforms is scheduled to take effect in the Soviet Union as early as 1990 and is regarded by Gorbachev as an essential part of *perestroika*. If the rumblings in Poland persist, they could cause trouble for Gorbachev well before that test. U.S. analysts have long warned that few events would provide the General Secretary's enemies in the leadership with a sharper weapon than instability in Eastern Europe.

Little wonder that the Soviet press, which has been allowed to report politically sensitive news with increasing candor, was slow to discover the Polish unrest and even then used the pre-*glasnost* device of pinning it on "Western anti-Polish centers." For its part, the Reagan Administration deplored the Warsaw government's use of violence. White House

Spokesman Marlin Fitzwater said that the unrest in Poland could be a "point for discussion" at the upcoming Moscow summit but that he did not expect it to cause "significant damage."

At midweek the crisis seemed to be abating. The Catholic bishops authorized five prominent laymen to serve as mediators in the dispute, evidently with the government's consent. But by the time the laymen arrived at Nowa Huta and Gdansk, the course of action was about to change drastically.

The assault on Nowa Huta, where about half the work force of 32,000 had joined the ten-day-old strike, began at 2 a.m. Thursday. The West German press agency D.P.A., which had the only Western reporter on the scene, said four buses carried several dozen secret police inside the plant. The commandos stunned the strikers, many of whom were sleeping, with concussion and flash grenades.

Father Tadeusz Zaleski, a pro-Solidarity priest who was at the strike-committee headquarters in the rolling-mill building, the first target of the attackers, described the assault: "They kept shooting off these blinding flash and deafening percussion grenades. People lost their bearings and began fleeing in panic. They were chased all over the hall and beaten with truncheons." Most of the 18 members of the strike committee were taken into custody. Then a force of at least 2,000 riot police swept

through the rest of the mill, rounding up strikers and forcing them to kneel or lie down before being taken to police vans.

Six hours after the storming of Nowa Huta, riot police and militia began cordoning off the shipyard in Gdansk, which had been occupied by as many as 3,000 striking workers for the previous three days. The plant management broadcast an announcement warning nonstriking employees, some of whom had continued to report to work, to remain at home until further notice. As the morning wore on, crowds of curious onlookers gathered behind police lines at the main shipyard gate, near the steel monument of three crosses erected by Solidarity in memory of workers killed in antigovernment protests there in 1970. Inside, strikers collected in groups to chant "Solidarnosc."

As the standoff dragged on, the atmosphere grew more tense on all sides. The church hierarchy, charging that its mediation offer had been betrayed, bitterly denounced the use of force as a step that "does not serve the interests of society." Walesa grew more and more disillusioned. "It's as if the authorities are trying to poke their finger into the wheel of history," he declared. "Really, I am beyond fear at this point. They can kill me, but they can't overcome me." The electrician, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1983, vowed that "I will be the last to leave" the shipyard if the police stage an assault.

Initially, Walesa seemed far different from the charismatic union firebrand of eight years ago. Though he spoke of "revolution, and a bloody one" if authorities failed to make concessions, Walesa, 44, sought no leadership role, remaining a subdued, even ambivalent participant. Said he: "It is time for younger people." His reluctance stemmed in part from a conviction that reforms not drastically different from those proposed by the regime are necessary for the rescue of Poland's devastated economy. Walesa believes that such a program must be carried out with far broader popular consultation than Jaruzelski is willing to permit. Walesa also felt that the shipyard was not adequately prepared for a strike. But as others' positions hardened, so did Walesa's. He soon seemed to be pushing the Jaruzelski regime toward a showdown.

At week's end strike leaders and shipyard managers in Gdansk entered into church-mediated negotiations. While pay raises and amnesty for strikers were discussed, the effort seemed designed primarily to save face on both sides. Whatever comes of the talks, Poland still faces grave challenges ahead. The government has demonstrated that it can contain major outbreaks of worker dissent, but only by means that are likely to provoke more trouble in the future. The workers have managed to deliver a message of defiance and rage, but they are not able to transform it into political gains. In the empty space between those embittered stances, the prospects for productive dialogue are slim.

—By William R. Doerner.

Reported by Kenneth W. Banta/Gdansk, with other bureaus



THE STRIKE

As the confrontation wore on, the number of workers occupying the Gdansk shipyard, far left, dwindled from 3,000 to 1,000

THE LEGEND

Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa assured strikers of his support but sought no leadership role

THE GENERAL

Party Boss Wojciech Jaruzelski was conspicuously silent through most of the labor unrest, but he found time to attend the annual May Day parade



World

FRANCE

What Victory Will Mean

Re-elected on Sunday, Mitterrand outlines his future plans

François Mitterrand won a second seven-year term as France's President on Sunday, with a projected 54% of the vote against Premier Jacques Chirac's 46%. The result was hardly startling after Mitterrand's strong showing in the first round of balloting on April 24, though the release of three French hostages in Lebanon last Wednesday seemed briefly to boost Chirac's chances. Chirac failed to capture enough supporters of Jean-Marie Le Pen, the ultra-rightist candidate, who fared surprisingly well in the initial round. On the eve of his triumph, Mitterrand, 71, outlined his plans for the second term with *Time* Inc. Editor-in-Chief Jason McManus, *TIME* Managing Editor Henry Muller, Assistant Managing Editor Karsten Prager and Paris Bureau Chief Jordan Bonfante. Excerpts from the interview and from written answers to questions submitted earlier:

Q. What have you learned about France during this campaign?

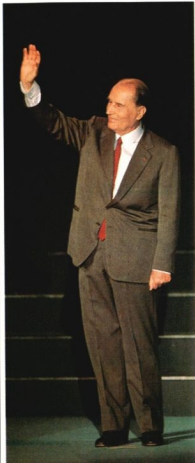
A. I was astonished by the great number of young people at rallies and by their impressive support. That is new because the young ordinarily have reservations about political parties. And it brings a new, different tone to our politics. They are very sensitive to anything that has to do with human rights, generosity, the Third World, culture, scientific research, the adventure of the mind, education, professional training and equal opportunity. They reject discriminations. For them, these problems supersede the others.

Q. What are we to make of the Le Pen phenomenon?

A. The majority of French men and women who voted for the National Front always thought as they do today, but they used to vote for Premier Chirac's party. Put simply, there has been a restructuring of the right because the Premier, given his obligations, could not go as far as Mr. Le Pen in responding to the aspirations and the needs of those people.

Then there is the phenomenon that has been analyzed long before us, by historians and sociologists since the beginnings of this century: where there is serious and durable unemployment, there is a push toward the nationalist right wing. Even when they lose their jobs, middle-class people remain faithful to their cultural patterns. Logically, they should move to the left and vote Communist. No. They move to the extreme right.

There they join people excluded from everything—the unemployed, the homeless, those who live in dirty, crowded neighborhoods devoid of any city planning, mothers and fathers who cannot find anyone to take care of their children while they still have to work. These peo-



The winner campaigning last week
For the second term, an ambitious agenda.

ple become desperate. They come from the left, but they vote for the National Front.

Q. What are your foreign policy priorities for the second term?

A. Peace and disarmament. The union of Europe, that is, the completion of an economic Europe and the setting up of a political Europe. The intensification of an effort of the major industrialized nations toward the Third World.

I will encourage the United States and the Soviet Union to continue on the path of disarmament to which they have committed themselves at last. I shall do my best to hasten the start of negotiations on conventional weapons in Europe. I shall remind others that though security is based on deterrence, that does not mean either constant overbidding or redundancy, and that a reduction of the arms race is

the logical complement of this strategy.

Q. What will a "European pillar" of Western defense consist of? Could it permit the withdrawal of U.S. troops from Europe?

A. Through increasingly close cooperation in the Atlantic Alliance certain European countries have undertaken to build the core of a common European defense system. Other countries find that the current situation suits them better, even if all of them recognize that Europe, once it has found the way toward political union, must ensure its own defense.

In maintaining its armed forces in Europe, the U.S. is keeping its commitment to NATO and protecting its global interests. The progress of European cooperation in defense will not erase the reasons for the U.S. presence in Europe.

Q. How durable are glasnost, perestroika and, for that matter, General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev?

A. Mr. Gorbachev's rise to power was no accident. In three years he has already shown great qualities as a statesman in conceiving and applying reforms. Will *glasnost* and *perestroika* last? I am no more adept than you at reading tea leaves. But it seems to me that the majority of the Soviet people have no desire to turn back the clock.

Q. How will you make a stronger commitment to the Third World?

A. The gap between rich and poor countries is not narrowing. On the contrary, it's growing wider every day. In the past year financial transfers from south to north surpassed by \$30 billion those from north to south, because debt repayments exceeded new loans. I wish to increase France's aid to the Third World and to improve its quality and its effectiveness. I believe it is necessary to re-examine means of repayment for the least-developed countries. For the poorest of all, I do not rule out cancellation of these debts.

The time has come to launch a worldwide development plan that would be to the Third World what the Marshall Plan was to the reconstruction of Europe. Countries with financial surpluses, particularly Japan, which despite new increased efforts still devotes only 0.29% of its GNP to Third World aid [vs. 0.54% for France], should play a particularly important role in such a program.

Q. "Europe" was on the tip of everyone's tongue in this campaign, but some French thinkers point out that the core question is not being asked: What is the future of the nation-state?

A. No nation in Europe, however ancient and glorious, can control in isolation its development. The surest way of preserving our national heritages, as well as our ways of thinking and doing things, is to pool our resources, our currencies, our knowledge and our industries, much as we have done for our agriculture. ■

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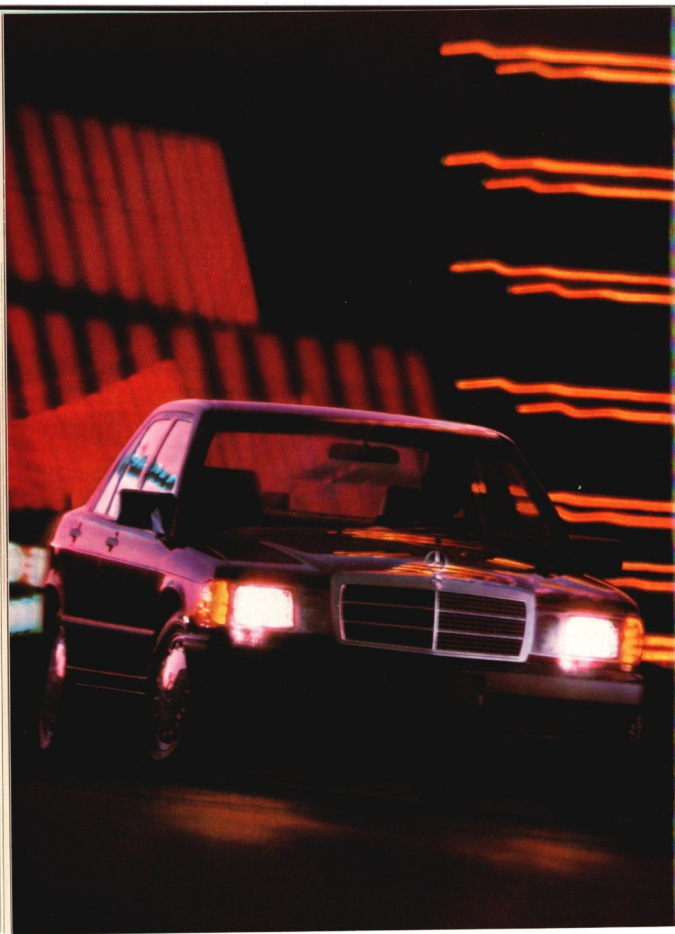
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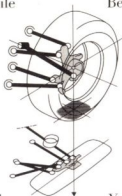
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World

HOSTAGES

By Negotiation and by the Sword

Controversy rages after two sets of French captives are freed

In Beirut the ordeal of the three French hostages ended as abruptly as it had begun. Last Wednesday evening a Mercedes roared up to the Summerland Hotel, carrying Diplomats Marcel Carton and Marcel Fontaine and Journalist Jean-Paul Kauffmann, who had been held captive since 1985. Syrian security forces hustled the men to Beirut International Airport, and by the next morning they arrived in Paris for a joyous reunion with their families.

Almost simultaneously with the release in the Middle East, the quiet of a South Pacific dawn in Ouvéa, New Caledonia, was broken by the dull thud of smoke bombs and the crackle of small-arms fire. Some 300 elite French troops and gendarmes had launched an operation to rescue 23 Frenchmen from a cave where they had been held by Melanesian separatists. In the 7½-hour gun battle that ensued, two gendarmes and 19 militants died.

Acting at locations thousands of miles apart, the government of Premier Jacques Chirac had suddenly decided to free its citizens. Though Paris maintained that the timing was an accident, the twin rescues could hardly help but give a badly needed boost to Candidate Chirac's presidential campaign against Incumbent François Mitterrand.

For the Lebanese hostages, liberation was the end of a nightmare that began with their capture by the terror group Islamic Jihad. "We didn't live," said Kauffmann in Paris. "We survived." The cap-



At long last: Kauffmann greets his son

"We didn't live. We survived."

tives were kept in chains for months at a time and were repeatedly moved, sometimes in sealed coffins. But their American counterparts came in for worse treatment. Kauffmann was reported to have said last week that when he was briefly imprisoned with American Educator Frank Reed, his fellow captive was so badly beaten, per-

haps after an escape attempt, that he was unable to rise from the floor.

How much had France paid for its citizens' freedom, both to Iran, which brokered the release, and to Islamic Jihad? Interior Minister Charles Pasqua insisted that "not a franc, not a dollar, not a deutsche mark" was rendered. But another French official said the Iranians were interested in re-establishing diplomatic relations, which were broken last summer. They also wanted repayment of a \$1 billion loan made to France in 1974, which they argue has appreciated considerably because of accrued interest. France has so far paid back \$660 million.

Outside France, feelings were less euphoric. There are now 16 foreign hostages in Lebanon, including nine Americans and three Britons. The French deal raised fears that freeing those still held would be more difficult and that the release might even encourage more kidnappings. Pounding her hand in the House of Commons, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher declared, "We will not pay ransom!" In Washington, State Department Spokesman Charles Redman expressed the same view.

The French assault on the New Caledonian rebels provoked almost as much controversy. But Overseas Territories Minister Bernard Pons insisted that he took action only because "we believed that at any moment there would be a massacre" of the hostages. Leaders of New Caledonia's secessionists accused the French of staging the assault to gain votes. Declared the rebels in a statement: "This has created a legacy of blood and fire that will increase our resolve." —By Michael S. Serrill, Reported by William Dowell/Paris and John Dunn/Melbourne

MIDDLE EAST

Wipeout

A Lebanese village is razed

At first the incursion was uneventful. Some 1,000 Israeli soldiers crossed into Southern Lebanon last week, rounding up villagers for interrogation and warning others not to help terrorists. The soldiers saw little action until they came to the heavily fortified village of Maydun, an outpost of the Shi'ite Muslim fundamentalist group Hizballah, or Party of God. Unleashing 1,000 rounds of artillery, the troops stormed the town at dawn and fought a house-to-house battle against the Islamic defenders. When the siege ended seven hours later, the Israelis counted 40 Shi'ites and three of their own dead. Before heading back to Israel, eleven miles away, the invaders reduced Maydun to rubble, wiping the town off the map.

Defense Minister Yitzhak Ra-

bin ordered the 48-hour incursion in response to attacks on northern Israel by Palestinian guerrillas based in Lebanon. Since December, when the uprising began in the occupied territories, ten border raids have been attempted, five of them successful, leaving six Israelis dead and eight wounded. Rabin vowed to launch more such operations "as long as elements in Lebanon attempt attacks against Israel."



Pursuing enemies: Israeli troops cross into Lebanon

Although most Israelis seemed to support Rabin, some critics charged that the Defense Minister had needlessly risked war with Syria, which has troops stationed within firing range of Maydun. Rabin, moreover, had launched the Maydun attack without consulting the Cabinet, which caused several ministers to complain that they could not bear responsibility for an operation that they had not approved. Taking full responsibility, Rabin retorted that the siege was well within his portfolio.

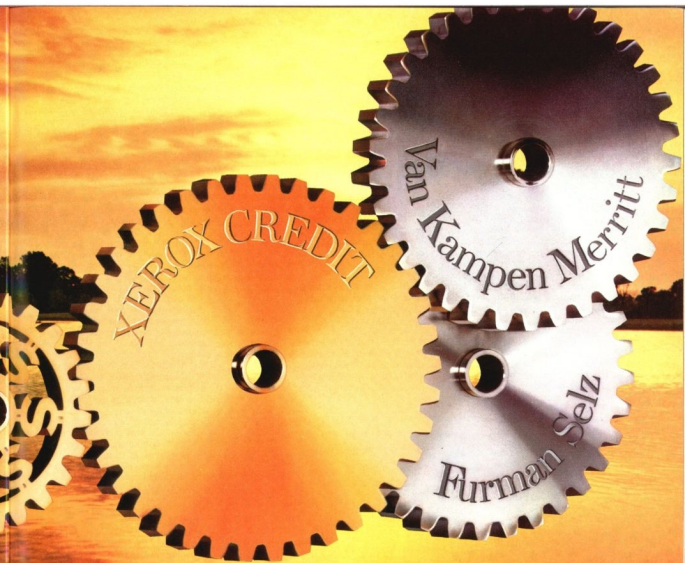
In another move aimed at quashing support for the uprising wherever they can find it, Israeli authorities arrested and served deportation orders on a prominent Palestinian activist, Mubarak Awad, 44, in Jerusalem. A naturalized U.S. citizen, Awad returned to his native city in 1985 to preach peaceful civil disobedience against the occupation. Said his wife: "If the Israelis fear a man who favors nonviolent resistance ... they must be afraid of everyone." ■

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CHILE

Colony of the Damned

Bizarre allegations plague a West German settlement

To the impoverished peasants of Chile's rural Seventh Region, the arrival in 1961 of *los alemanes* (the Germans) seemed at first like a godsend. The 60 or so blond, blue-eyed settlers of Colonia Dignidad (Dignity Colony) quickly set to work constructing what they called an "educational and benefactor society" on the site of an old ranch near Parral, 250 miles south of Santiago. Before long the newcomers had built a model community that offered many of the area's 20,000 residents access to employment, trade, free hospital services, an elementary school and, eventually, even a European-style restaurant on the nearby highway.

In recent years that utopian vision has gradually given way to a darker, more sinister image. According to accounts provided by former Colonia Dignidad residents, the colony, which now numbers about 350, has become a virtual prison camp under the control of its founder and leader, Paul Schäfer, 66. A self-proclaimed psychologist, Schäfer fled Germany in 1961 with his small flock after police launched an investigation into charges that he had sexually abused two boys.

Schäfer has also been accused by former colony residents of engaging in the illegal importation and manufacture of light arms. Most chilling, perhaps, are accusations by victims and ex-agents of Chile's dreaded intelligence service, DINA (renamed CNI in 1977), that Colonia Dignidad has been involved in the torture of leftist opponents of the military regime of General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte. "These are gruesome matters," says Hugo Baar, a colony co-founder and a former associate of Schäfer's, who calls the colony a "group that has become poisoned with lies."

The first sign that something was seriously amiss came in 1966 when Wolfgang Müller, then 20, escaped from Colonia Dignidad for the third time and begged the West German embassy in Santiago not to send him back for fear he would be killed. Müller, who now lives in West Germany under a different name, claimed that Schäfer had molested him when he was twelve. He told of regular beatings and the use of electroshock and narcotics by camp doctors, and described Schäfer as a dictator who condones drug experiments and torture and enforces hard la-



bor from sunup to sundown.

The colony again became the object of international attention in 1976, when a United Nations human rights commission report identified the camp as one of Chile's detention centers. The next year the West German branch of Amnesty International denounced Colonia Dignidad as a DINA torture center. The colony responded by launching a defamation suit in West Germany against Amnesty International, a legal dispute that continues today.

Last February four former Colonia Dignidad members went before a Bonn parliamentary subcommittee and described their lives as regimes of terror. Loti Packmor, 55, who left the colony with her husband in 1985 and now lives in Canada, said she had seen young boys given injections in their testicles and described Schäfer as having beaten a young girl until "blood spurted from her nose." Added Georg Packmor: "No one dares

even to think of escaping." A colony spokesman denied the charges and said that such alleged witnesses were mentally ill, alcoholics, adulterers and drug addicts.

One of the most serious blows against Schäfer came from the testimony of Baar, a onetime member of the colony's inner circle who escaped in 1984, leaving behind nine children. Baar decried his former colleague as a paranoid dictator who rode around the compound in a bullet-proof Mercedes-Benz carrying weapons and ammunition.


Later the same year, the unexplained disappearance of Boris Weisfelder, a Moscow-born U.S. citizen who was hiking near the colony, aroused the concern of the U.S. State Department. Since then, a Chilean government investigation has concluded that Weisfelder drowned in a nearby river. U.S. officials consider the case still open. The Pinochet government has given the colony its tacit support. West Germany, for its part, has been reluctant to speak out against Schäfer in the past because of close ties between Colonia Dignidad and officials at the West German embassy in Santiago.

That reluctance has begun to fade. Last fall, in connection with the Amnesty case, a West German judge asked the Chilean courts to arrange an inspection tour of the colony. Last week the managing director of Amnesty International's West German section announced in Parral that inspections of the surrounding terrain have so far supported testimony by former DINA prisoners who claim they were taken to Colonia Dignidad to be tortured. During the next two days a group that included a Chilean judge, Amnesty Attorney Maximo Pacheco, colony lawyers and representatives of the West German government was allowed inside the colony. According to Pacheco, the group identified four underground rooms that matched descriptions by DINA torture victims. The visitors had less luck with their request to interview Jürgen Szurgesies, 24, who was returned to the colony by local authorities after escaping last month. The West German embassy in Santiago has initiated a case in a Chilean court to put Szurgesies under legal protection, and the court is expected to decide this week whether he was taken to Colonia Dignidad against his will.

Meanwhile, some human rights officials are afraid that Schäfer, if pushed too far, might take drastic action. Said Baar: "I fear for the lives of the Dignidad people if it comes to conflict there. I am certain that shootings cannot be avoided, and I say that out of deep conviction." —By Guy D. Garcia. Reported by James Graff/Bonn and Laura López/Parral



■ Paul Schäfer, the leader of Colonia Dignidad ■ A nurse on duty in the ambulance room of the camp's hospital ■ Colony members assembled for a meeting inside the guarded compound



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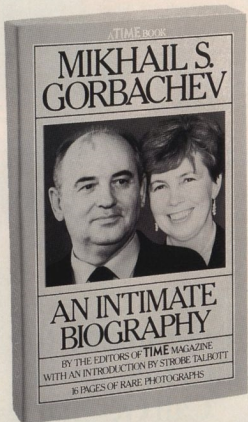
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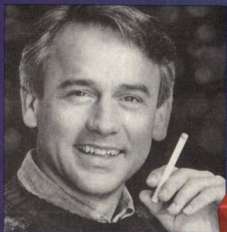


Jack and Jill
went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down
and broke his Crown Royal
and now Jill is dating
some guy from L.A.



Crown Royal

"Carlton. It's lowest."



"And it's got the
taste that's right
for me."



1 mg.
tar, 0.2 mg. nic.

*U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms 17 years of
U.S. Gov't. Reports:*

Carlton is still lowest!

King Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

World Notes



ACCOMPLISHMENTS **Some summitry!**

ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Live, from Mount Everest

Call it one small step for man, one giant leap for Japanese television. Nine weeks after the first of two teams of climbers from Japan, China and Nepal set out from opposite sides of Mount Everest, six determined mountaineers rendezvoused on the world's tallest peak. What made the occasion particularly memorable was that television viewers were able to share in the celebration, courtesy of three intrepid Japanese cameramen who also made the 29,028-ft. climb.

Broadcast live by Nippon Television Network from the summit, the alpine telecast captured another historic moment: the first time that two teams had scaled the mountain simultaneously from the Nepal and Tibet sides.

NORWAY

A Case of Hot Water

Norway has no nuclear power stations and prohibits nuclear weapons on its territory in peacetime, but its no-nukes policy has failed to protect it from nuclear scandal. Last week the Norwegian Foreign Ministry confirmed that some 15 tons of the country's heavy

water was diverted in 1983 to an unknown destination. Prized for its purity, Norwegian heavy water, or deuterium oxide, is used as a coolant in nuclear reactors and to produce plutonium, an ingredient in nuclear bombs.

The water is believed to have been shipped to Switzerland before being passed on to India, which is thought to be thirsty for deuterium oxide for its two reactors and four nuclear power plants. Norway will not export heavy water to India because that country has not signed the 1968 Treaty on Nonproliferation of Nuclear Weapons. Asked about the missing liquid, Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi said, "We have got enough heavy water of our own. We don't need to get it from outside."

TERRORISM

"Be Alert, Stay Alive"

The British soldiers had driven from their base in West Germany to the Dutch town of Roermond to relax and join the festivities marking the birthday of the Netherlands' Queen Beatrix. But the trip last week turned into a nightmare after a member of the Irish Republican Army opened fire on the soldiers as they sat in their car, killing one and seriously wounding two others. Five minutes later, two British air-

men died when a bomb exploded in their auto in nearby Nieuw-Bergen. Two days later, a bomb was found at the British army barracks at Bielefeld, West Germany.

The I.R.A. claimed responsibility for the attacks and promised more deaths if British troops did not "disengage from Ireland." Meanwhile, Her Majesty's troops were advised by British Forces Radio: "Terrorists only look at you for one reason. Be alert. Stay alive."

SOVIET UNION

Battle of The Letters

In what might be called the battle of the letters, *Pravda*, the official Communist Party daily, has been providing much livelier reading lately, as policies are debated in prominently displayed letters to the editor. In the latest round, the newspaper last week gave front-page play to a letter that included a sweeping condemnation of the party's record of dictatorship and repression under Stalin. The missive cited a failure to restrain "princelings who exceeded their authority."

Written by a senior official of the Aviation Ministry, the letter clearly reflected many of Mikhail Gorbachev's ideas for political reform and was undoubtedly intended to set the stage for the Soviet Communist



TERRORISM **Bloodshed in Nieuw-Bergen**



DIPLOMACY **Cuban soldiers assist Angolan troops**

Party Conference that begins on June 28. More volleys may lie ahead.

DIPLOMACY

Let's Finally Make a Deal

After 13 years of fighting, the antagonists in Angola's stale-mated civil war took a tentative step toward peace last week. In London representatives of the U.S. and South Africa, supporters of Angola's UNITA rebels, met for the first time with officials of the Marxist-oriented Angolan government and its Cuban allies. Presided over by Chester Crocker, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, the talks focused on a proposal by Cuba and Angola to withdraw Cuba's estimated 40,000 troops from Angola over a four-year period. In exchange, Cuba and Angola want the South Africans to remove their soldiers from Angola as well, and to abide by the U.N. resolution that would give independence to Angola's neighbor Namibia, which is occupied by South Africa.

South Africa said it is prepared to train and equip troops in Mozambique to defend a 700-mile regional power grid that will resume service later this year. The move could ease tensions between the two countries over allegations that South Africa backs rebels who are trying to topple the Mozambican government.

Economy & Business

Special Report: Aircraft Safety

How Safe Is The U.S. Fleet?

A shocking accident heightens doubts about the aging jetliners

Until now, the stubby and squat Boeing 737 has been an anonymous little workhorse, scarcely recognized by airline passengers even though most of them have flown on one. Trusted by the airlines for its seemingly tireless reliability and efficiency on short hops, the "guppy" has become the best-selling jetliner in history. The 737 fleet, which now exceeds 1,500 jets worldwide, has carried more than 1.7 billion passengers and flown more than 10 billion miles. But last week the venerable plane was suddenly the most infamous and scrutinized of jetliners, as the Federal Aviation Administration ordered U.S. airlines to conduct

special inspections for cracks and other signs of metal fatigue on older 737s.

The agency was responding to the April 28 accident in which an Aloha Airlines 737 landed miraculously in Maui, Hawaii, after an 18-ft. section of the fuselage tore away, like the canvas roof on a convertible, while the plane was going 330 m.p.h. at 24,000 ft. Though Pilot Robert Schornstheimer made the best of a terrible situation, the incident killed one flight attendant and injured 61 passengers. Many of them were struck by chunks of metal and insulation that kept peeling off the plane during its frightening descent.

Fearful that similar planes could be

equally vulnerable to disaster, the FAA called for inspections of all 737s that have made more than 30,000 takeoffs and landings, which included as many as 291 jets operated by U.S. carriers. Of those planes, 36 that have racked up more than 55,000 landings were prohibited from flying above 23,000 ft. until they could be thoroughly checked out. At higher altitudes, the cabin must be pressurized to a greater extent and more strain is put on the fuselage. Among those airlines most severely affected by last week's ruling were American and Piedmont. After inspecting the damaged jet, Joseph Nall, a member of the National Transportation Safety

Attachment lugs

Tiny fissures have been discovered in the bolts that fasten the horizontal stabilizer to the tail of the aircraft. United maintenance workers test these lugs with electronic probes after every 3,000 hours of flight.

Wing attachment point

The casting that holds the wing to the fuselage has a tendency to develop hairline fractures. An FAA directive requires that the fitting be inspected every 12,000 hours; United is replacing the troublesome part on its entire fleet of 737s.

Cargo door frames

These structures get rough treatment from baggage handlers and forklift drivers. Deformed frames can cause pressurization problems or even the loss of a door. United crews examine them once a year.

Lap joints

Cracks can develop where two layers of aluminum are riveted to a brace running the length of the plane. The FAA called for annual checks of these joints even before one gave way on Aloha Flight 243.

Aft pressure bulkhead

Once a year, repair crews check a drain hole where trapped moisture can corrode the metal structure that keeps pressurized air from escaping the passenger cabin. The failure of an improperly repaired bulkhead destroyed the tail assembly of the JAL 747 that crashed in 1985.

Pylon

The strut that connects the engine to the wing is removed and inspected every 24 months. It was a damaged pylon casting that caused one of the engines to fall off the American Airlines DC-10 that crashed in Chicago in 1979.

Engine

With more than 5,000 moving parts each, the engines are the most trouble-prone component of any jet aircraft. After two years of service, they are dismantled and completely overhauled.

Wing front spar

Fissures have been known to open up in the main horizontal brace that spans each wing. At United, wing spars are checked for cracks three times a year.



TIME Diagram

Board, declared, "My hope is that it will raise the consciousness" of air carriers and regulators about the hazards of over-worked planes.

Passengers were concerned as well. Not long ago, they were focusing their air-borne anxiety on such problems as crowded skies, rookie pilots and overstressed controllers. Now they have a new concern: the soundness of the jets. Are some planes too old? Are others sent aloft with known malfunctions? The financial competitiveness wrought by deregulation has raised suspicions, deserved or not, that some carriers may be courting disaster by skimping on maintenance and diligence.

The Aloha episode is only the most dramatic of mechanical snafus that have ranged from clogged fuel filters to rusted-through floors to cracked turbine blades. Last month the FAA launched a special inspection of all jets operated by Continental and Eastern airlines in response to recurring accusations that their parent, Texas Air, the largest U.S. airline company, was cutting corners on maintenance because of its financial troubles. Even the reliability of new jets came under assault last month, when two foreign carriers, Japan Air Lines and British Airways, complained strongly about malfunctions on freshly assembled Boeing 747s and 767s.

The airlines will have to scramble to

disprove the latest doubts, which could weigh heavily on the minds of consumers. Katherine Dallam, a 31-year-old computer-graphics entrepreneur in the Bronx, worries about flying because, among other things, she keeps hearing about "parts falling off the planes." Eastern has acknowledged a decline in bookings in the wake of the FAA probe, even though both that carrier and Continental expect the investigation to exonerate them. Ronald King, a Brooklyn school counselor, almost canceled two Eastern tickets for a Bahamas vacation with his girlfriend. Says he: "I had to stop reading the newspaper so I wouldn't get scared of getting on the plane." The airlines know well the devastating visual impact of a damaged plane. When the fuselage of an Eastern DC-9 cracked in half during a hard landing at Pensacola, Fla., last December, injuring three, airline workers quickly concealed the carrier's name with a tarpaulin. Similarly, Aloha employees hurriedly covered their company's logo on the damaged 737 by swabbing orange paint on the tail.

One fact airlines keep stressing is that air travel is growing safer. Fatalities in U.S. commercial-airline accidents declined from 2,669 in the years 1970-78 to 2,000 in 1979-87, even though total flight hours increased by one-third during that time. Moreover, the majority of accidents are attributed to pilot and controller errors and to bad weather. Mechanical faults have been blamed as a factor in only about one-third of such mishaps.

Yet the hazards of faulty maintenance have been amply demonstrated in several catastrophic crashes. The worst U.S. case was in 1979, when a replacement engine that had been improperly mounted on the wing of an American Airlines DC-10 broke free on takeoff from Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, causing a crash that killed 275. Only three years ago, the worst single-plane accident in history occurred when a bulkhead ruptured on a Japan Air Lines 747, destroying the tail assembly and sending the jumbo jet crashing into a mountain near Tokyo, killing 520. Boeing later admitted that its technicians had incorrectly riveted the bulkhead during a repair job seven years earlier.

The Aloha incident could obviously have been a far worse tragedy than it was. Inspecting the plane last week, the pilots and investigators marveled at the relatively small strip of cargo tube that held the plane together. In 1981 a 737 flown by Far Eastern Air Transport was not so lucky. It tore completely apart over Taiwan, dooming all 110 aboard. In both ac-

cidents, the plane's skin fractured on the top side just behind the cockpit.

Though the precise cause of the Aloha plane's fuselage failure will take months for federal authorities to determine, it is believed that metal fatigue created the stress cracks in the plane's laminated-aluminum skin. When the cracks ruptured, the air rushing by began to peel back the roof through the so-called rip stops, the rigid upright supports in the body shell. Investigators surmise that the metal fatigue was hastened by exposure to corrosive salt air and the exceptionally high number of takeoff-and-landing cycles, nearly 90,000, that the 19-year-old is-land-hopping plane had completed. The number of cycles is significant because each time a plane is pressurized, its metal skin expands slightly, which after a great number of repetitions can cause fatigue.

The plight of Aloha's well-worn 737 raises an issue that airlines would prefer to downplay: the growing age of their fleets. The longevity of U.S. jetliners has been creeping upward since the years before deregulation, in 1978, which was the last time airlines went on an industry-wide buying binge. Today the average U.S. jetliner is more than twelve years old, some 20% older than in 1980. Among individual carriers, the average age ranges from 8.4 years in Delta's fleet to 13.8 years in Eastern's, but many planes are more than two decades old. Some 220 of Boeing's mid-range 727s delivered in 1964-66 were still flying for U.S. carriers at the end of 1987, as were 272 of McDonnell Douglas' DC-9 models from 1966-68. Since deregulation, most U.S. airlines have been cautious about buying new planes, especially if the carriers are losing money. Says a former U.S. pilot: "Stand at the ramp at [London's] Heathrow and you will see all those new Boeings with foreign airline markings, and then in comes old Pan Am chugging along in an ancient machine." The average age of British Airways' fleet is 8 years; Air France's, 8.5; Swissair's, 5.5.

Industry executives and many other experts counter that a plane's age can be almost irrelevant to its safety. Said United Airlines President Stephen Wolf last week: "I don't think the issue is age. Aging fleets are no problem provided maintenance is diligent." In fact, United boasts one of the oldest fleets (average age: 13.6 years), which includes the first 727 ever built, No. N7001. Yet most experts give United high marks for the reliability of its planes, which is the result of its painstaking maintenance program.

To show how planes can last indefinitely, aircraft experts frequently cite the Douglas DC-3, the twin-propeller craft built in the 1930s and '40s. More than 1,500 of them are still doing cargo- and even passenger-carrying duty. Eastern Express, for example, uses DC-3s on its Key West-to-Miami run. But the low- and slow-flying DC-3 is not subject to the stresses of pressurization or jet-powered speeds. Says Richard Livingston, techni-

What Can Go Wrong

With proper maintenance, experts say, a Boeing 737 can fly forever. But constant vigilance is required. United Airlines performs daily checks on all its planes and more detailed inspections after every 200 hours of flying time, a schedule that exceeds the minimum requirements of the FAA. At least once a year, every plane in the fleet is rolled into the airline's San Francisco maintenance facility, the world's largest, for a more exhaustive checkup. Every four years a crew of 180 mechanics tears a plane apart, strips off its paint and examines every moving part and structural component. These are a few of the 737's potential failure points.



Cockpit window

Cracks have been known to occur in the heavy aluminum frame that surrounds the pilot's sliding window (other side). Too thick and hard to reach for visual inspection, the frame is X-rayed yearly to look for potentially lethal fissures.

Economy & Business

cal-operations director of the International Airline Passengers Association: "Have we been spoiled by the DC-3 syndrome? Is it realistic to say, 'Leave it in the system until it disintegrates?'"

Many carriers replace their aircraft long before safety becomes an issue, because they want planes that are quieter, bigger, more fuel efficient or more comfortable. But when a beleaguered airline can ill afford to buy new planes, it may also decide to scrimp on the upkeep of its old craft, which become more expensive to maintain as they age. Says an industry analyst: "Carriers are squeezing every dime out of the life of the aircraft."

Many industry executives freely acknowledge that they have tried to reduce their maintenance costs as much as possible without hampering safety. Although most carriers used to exceed FAA standards by a wide margin, they have reduced that cushion somewhat. Says Consultant Melvin Brenner, a former TWA and American executive: "It's not cutting corners, because they were acting beyond the call of duty." True, modern planes are equipped with redundant systems for vital hydraulic and electrical functions, but the concern is that some airlines may be undermining that fail-safe philosophy by putting planes in the air without their backup equipment in full working order.

Today's hub-and-spoke route patterns, in which planes fly a greater number of short hops, puts pressure on mechanics to vouch for hastily repaired jets because taking an aircraft out of service for repairs can disrupt an airline's tightly woven schedule. At the same time, maintenance work often tends to pile up at the hubs, making the potential delays even



Mechanics for beleaguered Eastern work on a jet at Miami's airport

A special FAA inspection has turned up no major violations.

worse. Says Robert Baker, senior vice president for operations at American Airlines: "Maintenance takes more thinking and planning than it used to." Comments Livingston of the passengers' association: "There is more of a frenzied feel to it."

Those who perceive a drop-off in maintenance tend to blame deregulation and the pressure it has placed on airline profits. Maintenance is expensive: when United performs a major overhaul on a 747, the job consumes almost 15,000 worker-hours and \$2.5 million. During the first eight years after deregulation, from 1979 through 1986, the industry suffered gross operating losses of \$7.1 billion, as opposed to \$2.2 billion in profits in the previous eight years. Many airlines have bounced back, so that the industry as a whole should post operating profits of more than \$2 billion in 1988, predicts David Sylvester of Kidder Peabody. But not all airlines are equally profitable. American, Delta,

and United are well into the black, but Eastern and Pan Am are still racking up huge losses.

By far the sharpest charges of maintenance laxity have been leveled at Texas Air and its two struggling carriers, Eastern and Continental. In assembling the largest U.S. air company (market share: 20%) and making it the industry's discount leader, Texas Air Chairman Frank Lorenzo has tried to cut costs drastically. His pressure for concessions from unions at Eastern, especially on pilots and machinists, has prompted bitter accusations that the company is flying close to the edge. Pilots for Continental and Eastern claim they are given planes with problems ranging from broken gauges to leaking fuel tanks, while Eastern mechanics say their nonunion foremen frequently vouch for repairs that have not been made. Texas Air attributes ulterior motives to the unions. Says Bruce Hicks, a Continental vice president: "The war cry of 'Safety, safety!' has become the traditional union bargaining method."

Texas Air's only major crash occurred last November, when a Continental DC-9 flipped over in a snowstorm while taking off from Denver, killing 28. Though investigators suspect that accident may have been caused by wing icing and pilot inexperience, the company's airlines have suffered numerous mechanical problems. In one case last October, a worker inadvertently carried a 14-in. plastic duct past a running engine on an A300 Airbus, which sucked the part out of his hands and into its intake. According to the carrier's machinists' union, a mechanic wanted to take the engine apart, but a foreman overruled him, and four months later the engine blew up after the plane took off from Miami. The airline denies any connection

The Diary of Jet No. 19921

Like aging baseball players who move from team to team, many jets pass from one airline to another as they grow older and more expensive to maintain. Fairly typical is Boeing jet No. 19921, a 737 that has called five nations home since it was built in 1968.

Bought by San Diego-based Pacific Southwest Airlines (PSA) for approximately \$3 million, No. 19921 spent its first eight months hopping a few hundred miles at a time to San Francisco, Los Angeles and other California cities. Then it was sold for about \$3.5 million to Pacific Western Airlines (PWA), a Canadian carrier based in Calgary. There No. 19921 settled down for 13 years, carrying passengers to such cities as Edmonton and Vancouver, as well as to remote communities in the Canadian Arctic. In 1982 PWA leased the plane to Bahamasair for five months.

In September of that year, an American leasing agent

bought the now middle-aged airliner for approximately \$6 million and rented it to financially ailing Pan American World Airways for \$130,000 a month. Based in Berlin, No. 19921 spent the next four years making short runs to Frankfurt, Munich and other West German cities. Though the plane was sold twice again during that period to other lessors, Pan Am continued to rent it. From 1986 until last September, the 737 made New York's Kennedy airport its home, flying daily routes to such cities as Cleveland and Pittsburgh.

After Pan Am turned it in for a newer plane last November, No. 19921 was leased to a Honduran airline, SAHSA, for about \$130,000 a month. SAHSA shares the plane with another Honduran carrier, TAN. Based these days in the capital city of Tegucigalpa, the aging airliner, a veteran of approximately 65,000 flights, carries about 1,000 passengers a day on several routes, north to Miami and Guatemala, and south to El Salvador and Panama. During 20 years of service, No. 19921 has outlived two of its airlines: PSA and PWA both merged into other companies.

between the incidents. In a separate episode in February, a Continental 747 taking off from London's Gatwick Airport abruptly lost power in one engine. The plane came close enough to a hill at the end of the runway that control-tower operators set off the crash alarms.

The growing clamor about Texas Air prompted the FAA to launch an unusual plane-by-plane inspection of the Eastern and Continental fleets (total planes: 636) last month along with a probe to determine whether Texas Air is financially stable enough to run its airlines safely. While the FAA found such violations as a faded red EXIT light, a frayed seat belt and a minor oil leak, the agency says it has uncovered no major problems during the investigation, which is expected to conclude next week. Texas Air believes the special inspection will exonerate the airline and win back public confidence. The checkup, Lorenzo predicted in a speech last week, "will put into perspective the misinformation and nonsense that's been peddled to the media, the FAA and Congress" by the company's unions. Yet Eastern's financial condition and Lorenzo's standoff with his workers are growing worse. Late in the week Eastern sued its pilots' and machinists' unions for \$1.5 billion for trying to ruin the company financially in order to take it over at a bargain price.

Eastern and Continental are not the only airlines to go through a chastening process. Texas Air's chief rival, Dallas-based American, was slapped with a \$1.5 million fine three years ago by the FAA. Although the airline admitted no wrongdoing, it boosted its maintenance payroll by 3,000 workers, to 9,471 at present, and doubled the number of its repair stations, to 39. Nor is Chicago-based United immune to safety problems. Last week a United 747 with 258 people aboard barely reached Tokyo's airport on just one of its four engines after apparently suffering a malfunction of a fuel-distribution valve.

The safety of jets outside the U.S. varies from better to worse. Many airlines in South America, Africa and Asia adhere to standards lower than those in the U.S. But the northern European carriers, among them Lufthansa, KLM, SAS and Swissair, have been investing heavily in new planes and seem to be driven by what an industry expert describes as a "Germanic passion for technical perfection." Lufthansa, which already has a fleet averaging just 6.2 years old, last March ordered 20 new Boeing 737s and took options on 20 more at a potential cost of \$1 billion. Also renowned: Australia's Qantas, which has not had a single fatal accident in more than 30 years, and Singapore Airlines, whose planes average less than four years old. JAL, in the aftermath of its 747 wreck, began assigning teams of mechanics to specific planes and, to instill pride, even inscribed their names on a plaque in the cockpit.

Despite the trouble spots in the U.S. industry, airline maintenance has become



The Aloha 737's failed frame, top, torn aluminum skin, left, and covered-up name

a sophisticated science when practiced at its best on today's increasingly complicated aircraft. The Boeing 747, biggest of them all, contains 4.5 million removable parts and 135 miles of electrical wiring. Mechanics have branched into specialties, complete with nicknames: "knuckle-draggers" take care of hydraulic gear and bodywork, and "twidgits" handle sensitive avionics and other electrical gear. Mechanics now inspect as many parts as possible without removing them, and even have adapted a medical device used for colon examinations as an inspection tool.

Even new planes are not necessarily mechanically perfect. Before the embarrassment of the 737 incident, Seattle's prestigious Boeing was already beleaguered by complaints about quality control in its booming assembly plants. A fuel leak on a JAL 747-200 prompted the FAA to call for inspections of Boeing planes. JAL has been griping about other foul-ups as well, including temperature gauges wired to the wrong engines on 747 models. British Airways wrote a letter complaining about declining workmanship in general, reportedly contending that employees at one plant "seem oblivious that they are building aircraft where any mis-

take not properly corrected, or hidden, represents a direct compromise with safety."

In Washington the push is on for better inspection. Says FAA Chief T. Allan McArtor: "The FAA is not as flexible, as nimble, as responsive as it needs to be. We're doing a good job, but not as good a job as we could in this high-technology environment." The FAA's staff of plane inspectors shrank from 1,748 to 1,494 during the budget-cutting years of the early Reagan Administration, but is being expanded to about 2,300 this year and 2,700 in 1989. A blue-ribbon presidential panel recommended last month that the FAA be spun off from the Transportation Department and headed by a safety czar with increased powers. That proposal is expected to be examined in congressional hearings to begin within the next few weeks.

Ultimately, though, the responsibility for safety in the skies must rest with the airlines. After the shocking Aloha accident, every carrier will have to question once again whether it is devoting enough money and attention to making its planes as fit to fly as possible. —By Stephen Koepf.

Reported by Edwin M. Reingold/San Francisco and Richard Woodbury/Houston



**IF YOU WANT A CAR
THAT HOLDS MORE THAN
A MERCEDES, VOLVO
AND BMW COMBINED**

**AND GOES LIKE
A PORSCHE...**

If you could combine the trunks of the Mercedes 300, Volvo 760 and BMW 535, you'd have an enormous 48 cubic feet of cargo capacity.

Then again, you can simply fold down the split rear seat of the Saab 9000 Turbo and have an even more enormous 56 cubic feet.

Also, because of its hatchback configuration, you can, when need be, lug large items like desks, chairs—things that won't fit in a normal sedan.

But then, the Saab 9000 Turbo is hardly a normal sedan. It's a European *sports* sedan in the truest sense.

We're not referring to just its remarkable speed (0-60 in 7.6 seconds), its anti-lock brakes, or its sports car steering and suspension. We're talking about something much more basic—the very essence of the car, so to speak.

The Saab 9000 Series ranges from \$24,037 for the 9000S to \$28,985 for the 9000 Turbo. Mfg.'s. sugg. retail prices not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. Prices subject to change.



YOU ONLY HAVE ONE CHOICE.

You see, the Saab 9000 Turbo was designed "from the inside out," with the driver as the focal point. So, like the Porsche, the chassis geometry is such that you always feel in direct contact with the road, receiving clear, reliable information through the seat, the steering wheel and the pedals.

Combine this with optimum weight distribution and you have a large part of the reason for the 9000 Turbo's excellent handling characteristics. Characteristics that are more like those of a sports car than a finely appointed five-passenger sedan.

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Is it better to give than receive, or the other way around?

Father's Day is a time for respect. For loyalty. And for reexamining the old platitude about giving and receiving.

Consider the Braun shaver.

Never has there been a more elegant argument for the virtues of receiving.

Its thin profile is designed

to fit the face as comfortably as the hand. The rubber knobs on its grip actually provide a firm hold. And its unique foil is ultrathin and platinum coated to help provide a smoother, closer shave.

Braun's rechargeable shavers even charge in an

hour, instead of the usual twenty-four. And perform equally well with or without a cord.

This has not only made Braun better to receive. It has also made Braun the best-selling foil shaver in the world.

But inevitably, there will be a few disappointed

fathers who won't receive the Braun shaver they wanted for Father's Day. Which calls to mind another platitude.

If you want something done right, you've got to do it yourself.

BRAUN

Designed to perform better.

Business Notes



TOYS Tottering toward bankruptcy

EMPLOYMENT

Which Way Is Up?

When the Labor Department announced the U.S. unemployment figures for April, the news was so good it might be bad. The jobless rate fell to 5.4%, down from 5.6% in March, and the lowest level since June 1974. That was encouraging to those who found work, but the news raised fears of renewed inflation. Reason: pressure on the job market could lead to a widespread rise in wages that, in turn, could boost prices.

Restraining consumer prices, which rose at a 6.4% annual rate in March, will be no easy task for Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan. To cool the economy, he may have to nudge interest rates upward. But doing so could drop a political bombshell on the presidential campaign of Vice President George Bush. For a loyal Republican like Greenspan, it is a dilemma with the sharpest of horns.

TOYS

Trouble in the Cabbage Patch

In the toy and game business, yesterday's craze is today's closet stuffer. And no company knows that better than Coleco. Its cuddly Cabbage Patch Kids

were once every small child's dream, but sales peaked in 1985 and have been falling ever since. In 1986 Coleco made a seemingly shrewd move in buying the company that held the license to the popular Trivial Pursuit game, but soon yuppies began to grow tired of asking one another questions like "Who played the Lone Ranger's faithful Indian companion?"

Now there is big trouble in the Cabbage Patch. Citing a debt load of about \$300 million, incurred mostly during years of heady expansion, the firm said last week it would lay off 35% of the managerial staff at its West Hartford, Conn., headquarters and 50% of its production employees. But as dramatic as those steps were, Wall Street is not sure they will be enough to keep Coleco out of bankruptcy.

AUTOS

Chevy with a Heavy Sticker

Detroit's automakers have been trying lately to break into the market for \$50,000-plus prestige cars—a lucrative slice of the business completely dominated by the Europeans. General Motors' first entry was last year's \$56,533 Cadillac Allanté, which is designed and partly assembled in Italy. The Allanté has flopped in the marketplace, but GM does not give up easily. Early next year



AUTOS A sneak preview of the \$50,000 Corvette

the company will introduce a souped-up version of the Corvette, called the ZR1.

When it rolls off the assembly line in Bowling Green, Ky., the ZR1 will become the first \$50,000 production car built entirely in the U.S. GM is not saying much about its new roadster, but *Car and Driver* magazine claims the ZR1 will hit 190 m.p.h., which would put it in a class with the best European performers. The current top-of-the-line Corvette reaches only 159 m.p.h. and costs \$34,820.

TAKEOVERS

Raider League, Junior Division

When he was younger, Manny Pearlman planned to have his own investment firm. Now, at the advanced age of 28, he has one: Manhattan's Gemini Partners. And, as the newest and perhaps youngest player in the takeover game, he could have more companies in his pocket, soon. Last week Pearlman, acting on behalf of a group of investors, launched his first tender offer, a bid worth \$240 million for Arkansas Best Corp. (1987 revenues: \$732 million), a firm engaged in trucking as well as furniture and tire manufacturing.

A graduate of Duke and Harvard Business School, Pearlman worked two years for Plaza Securities, the firm of Corporate Raider Asher Edel-



ENTERTAINMENT Laughs' labor lost

ENTERTAINMENT

A Star Turn at The Typewriter

It seems pretty certain he can read, but can Johnny write? Fans of Johnny Carson will find out this week when the *Tonight Show's* host returns to the air with monologues he has written himself. The strike by the Writers Guild has idled the staff of eight that normally produces Carson's jokes, and only reruns of the talk show have appeared since March 8. Though the strike goes on, Carson said he will write his own material because he is determined to get the show back into production and keep the rest of his employees from losing their paychecks.

The new assignment may be an arduous one for Carson, who has not written in years, and is famous for his three-day workweek and lengthy vacations. To ease the load, the show will do without the familiar skits. So while Johnny is back, Carnac the Magnificent may be out for the duration.

Marlboro



Lights



The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85

Environment



A bird in the hand: several hours after hatching, Molloko submits to inspection in San Diego

The Biggest Shell Game in Town

A fluffy chick may signal a comeback for the California condor

When Lewis and Clark first sighted one in 1805, California condors soared freely from the Baja Peninsula to the Pacific Northwest. Until last month, just 27 of the orange-pated scavengers survived, all of them in the protected aviaries of the San Diego Wild Animal Park and the Los Angeles Zoo. Then on April 29 at 5:38 p.m., there were 28. Named Molloko, the Maidu Indian word for "condor," an ungainly chick, 6.75 oz., pecked its way out of its shell to become the newest member of the embattled clan—and the first California condor ever conceived in captivity. Said Secretary of the Interior Donald Hodel: "This represents a big step back from the brink of extinction."

The avian milestone is a victory for biologists who persuaded the Federal

Government that taking the endangered birds into protective custody was the best way to save them. Some conservationists bitterly opposed the capture of the last condors, arguing that pressure to preserve what was left of their habitat would vanish without a resident population. During the winter of 1985, nearly half of the 15 remaining wild birds perished, victims of lead shot, varmint poisons and land development. Two years later, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service rounded up the last of the survivors.

From the start, like hovering matchmakers, zoo officials tried to anticipate their charges' libidinal needs.

Molloko's parents lived for three years in a "condominium" measuring 40 ft. by 80 ft. by 22 ft. high—enough room for condor courtship. Since human contact might distract the big birds, staff members observed them from a blind. Says David Rimlinger, manager of the San Diego park's bird department: "They had plenty of privacy, and the enclosure was big enough for them to get away from each other if they wanted to."

The elaborate preparations paid off in January, when the pair finally mated. On March 3 the female laid a 4½-in.-long egg which was placed in an incubator. After 55 days, the developing chick began pecking a hole in the top of its pale green shell. Like midwives, the zoo staff encouraged its efforts by tapping the shell with a thin wire rod. The percussive duet lasted 52 hours, until a hole the size of a quarter had formed. A few hours later, the team carefully removed the remaining fragments and Molloko emerged. By week's end bird handlers were using a condor puppet to preen the rambunctious youngster and feed it 70 minced baby mice, or "pinkies," daily.

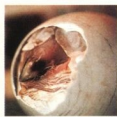
Even so, the condor is not back into the woods yet. Little has been done to rectify the environmental hazards that imperiled it. "Breeding in captivity was the easy part," says William Toome, curator of

birds at the San Diego park.

"The hard part is doing something to control the poisons and getting rid of the lead." Only then do biologists foresee a successful return of zoo-bred California condors, perhaps even Molloko's offspring, to their native home.

—By Christine Gorman.

Reported by Paul Krueger/San Diego



Ready or not: hard at work

Milestones

CLEARED. Wilson Goode, 49, mayor of Philadelphia; of criminal liability in the 1985 MOVE fire bombing that destroyed 61 homes and killed eleven people. Although a grand jury declined to indict Goode or other top city officials for criminal intent, recklessness or negligence, it accused them of "morally reprehensible behavior" in permitting police to drop a bomb on the radical group's fortified row house.

DIED. Ben Lexcen, 52, ingenious designer of *Australia II*, the winning yacht in the 1983 America's Cup race; after a heart attack; in Sydney. By reducing drag, Lexcen's radical winged keel enabled *Australia* to end the U.S.'s 132-year domination of the race. In 1987 the yacht *Stars & Stripes* employed the same feature to recapture the Cup.

DIED. Richard Caliguiri, 56, innovative mayor of Pittsburgh; of cardiac amyloid-

osis; in Pittsburgh. Caliguiri took command of the economically depressed steel town in 1977 and spent millions of dollars to repair bridges and roads, build water and sewer systems, and upgrade the city's older neighborhoods. Through programs with business and industry, he is credited with transforming the city into a gleaming corporate center that ranks as one of the nation's major urban success stories.

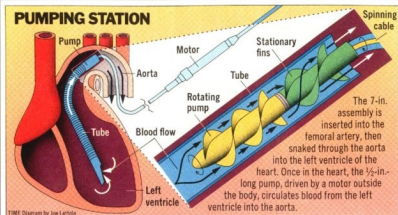
DIED. James McCracken, 61, the most lauded dramatic tenor in the U.S. and Metropolitan Opera star of the 1960s and '70s; after a stroke; in New York City. His full-voiced singing landed him leading roles in highly acclaimed productions of *Otello*, *Carmen* and *Aida*.

DIED. George Rose, 68, veteran character actor and winner of two Tony Awards, for his roles in *My Fair Lady* and *The*

Mystery of Edwin Drood. He was found dead in his car near his vacation home in the Dominican Republic. Besides playing in 15 Broadway productions, the versatile performer appeared in movies (*A Night to Remember*) and on television (*Holocaust*).

DIED. Emmanuel Larsen, 90, former State Department China expert and a target of Senator Joseph McCarthy's anti-Communist crusade; in Chevy Chase, Md. In 1950 McCarthy linked Larsen to the "Communist fifth column" for allegedly passing Government documents to the left-wing monthly *Amerasia*. Larsen had earlier pleaded no contest to similar charges by the Justice Department, but he consistently maintained his innocence. After his career in the Government was destroyed, he ended his working life as a desk clerk in a Washington hotel.

Medicine



TIME Diagram by Joe Lertola

Helping Out a Heart in Texas

Dramatic debut for a device that can save cardiac patients

Doctors have long suspected that the heart could heal itself even when damaged by a heart attack or during surgery—if only there were a way to let it rest. For more than 20 years, researchers have been trying to develop implantable pumps that temporarily take over part of the heart's job. Some half a dozen such devices are now available, most of them experimental, bulky and requiring risky open-heart surgery. But at a medical conference last week in Reno, O. Howard Frazier, director of the transplant program at the Texas Heart Institute in Houston, described the first successful use of a radically different newcomer. It is a tiny, disposable pump that can handle most of the heart's workload and that can be inserted in 20 minutes without major surgery.

Frazier first tried the device last month on a patient who was near death after a heart transplant. Working from an

incision in the patient's groin, the surgeon threaded a 7-in. assembly made of a tube connected to a miniature, propeller-like pump through the patient's arteries and into his left ventricle, the main pumping chamber of the heart. The stainless-steel pump, driven by a slender cable linked to a motor outside the body, took on the work of the ailing ventricle. Spinning 25,000 times a minute—about four times as fast as a sports-car engine—the pump drew a steady stream of blood out of the chamber and into the aorta, the main vessel carrying blood to the body. Afterward, Frazier exulted, "This is really an astonishing device."

Within days, the patient's condition improved, and his transplanted heart began to beat strongly on its own. The dramatic case marked the debut of the Hemopump, an experimental device just $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, manufactured

by Nimbus Medical Inc., of Rancho Cordova, Calif. Although a second patient given the pump died, the cause was apparently unrelated to the device.

Allan Lansing, director of Humana Heart Institute International in Louisville, expects to begin further tests soon on the Hemopump, which was approved for human trials by the Food and Drug Administration last March. "I'm impressed," says Lansing. "If this pump does work, it could be of enormous benefit to many patients." Eventually, he says, it could be available in coronary-care units and emergency rooms to treat heart attacks immediately after they occur. "It won't replace anything that is now available," says Heart Surgeon Jack Copeland of the University of Arizona Health Sciences Center in Tucson. "But it will add a dimension to what we can do for patients."

The pump's inventor, Richard Wampler, 39, a California physician, took his inspiration from pumps he saw in deep wells ten years ago in Egypt. The pump's spinning motion and the resulting continuous flow of blood from the heart represent a departure from the natural pulsating action that most other devices try to mimic. Some researchers at first feared that the whirling blades would destroy blood cells and that the body would be unable to tolerate the nonpulsating blood flow. So far, the problem has not materialized. Another potential drawback: small as the pump is, it may be too large to use in women and children or in patients with narrowed arteries.

If the device works in future tests, Wampler and Frazier estimate, it might eventually be used in as many as 150,000 people a year. With a \$3,000 price tag, the whirring little pump may be the ultimate rarity in medical technology: a bargain.

—By Denise Grady,

Reported by Andrea Dorfman/New York and Richard Woodbury/Houston

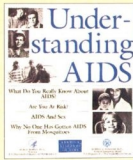
Must Reading

In just a few weeks it will begin arriving in millions of American homes, sealed with a perforated tear-off strip. "This is the first time in history," said Secretary of Health and Human Services Otis Bowen last week, "that the Government has tried to contact virtually every resident directly by mail regarding a public health crisis." At a cost of \$17 million, the eight-page booklet on AIDS will be mailed to 107 million U.S. households starting May 26. Explains the principal author, Surgeon General C.

Everett Koop: "We are taking this step because the epidemic of misunderstanding about how AIDS is spread and how it is not spread seems, at times, as difficult to control as the epidemic itself."

Like Koop's straightforward AIDS report released in 1986, the HHS primer, which is geared to the reading level of seventh-graders, does not mince words. "No matter what you may have heard, the AIDS virus is hard to get and is easily avoided," the pamphlet says. "You won't get AIDS from clothes, a telephone or from a toilet seat." Instead, the virus is transmitted by "shar-

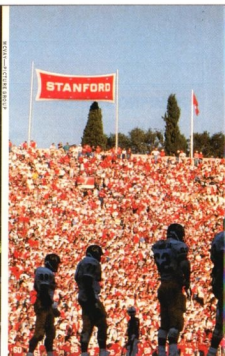
ing drug needles and syringes; anal sex, with or without a condom; and vaginal or oral sex with someone who shoots drugs or engages in anal sex."



So far, reaction to the pamphlet, which is called *Understanding AIDS* and is also published in Spanish, has been largely positive. Some groups are sure to be offended by its blunt explicitness and its hearty endorsement of condoms. Republican Congressman William Dannemeyer of California calls portions of the report "irresponsible and unscientific." Most health officials, however, have praised the effort. At least no one who bothers to read the booklet can any longer plead ignorance about one of the nation's biggest health problems.



Learning in luxury: students soak up culture and sunshine in an outdoor class



High-powered athletics: the Cardinals prepare for

Education

Excellence Under the Palm Trees

Brash and exuberant, Stanford jostles the Ivies at the top ranks of U.S. universities

Start with the palm trees—the king palms, windmill palms and date palms by the hundreds that grace the sprawling 8,200-acre campus. Beneath their gently waving fronds lie beds of fragrant star jasmine and flowering ice plant. Then there are those strapping, clean-cut young men and women, tossing Frisbees in the perpetual sunshine, lounging on the grass in cutoffs and T shirts, cycling along special bike lanes on their way to buy frozen yogurts (“fro-yo,” to locals) or to play a few sets of tennis. Finally, there are the buildings, the picturesque, mission-style structures with their red tile roofs and colonnaded sandstone façades. Could anything that looks this much like a country club be a serious academic institution? It could if its name is the Leland Stanford Junior University of Palo Alto, California.

Founded 103 years ago on the grounds of Railroad Magnate Leland Stanford's trotting-horse farm, the university is in the midst of a five-year centennial celebration that marks its rise from a modest regional school to the very top ranks of American higher education. The ascension of this brash Western upstart has come as both a shock and a challenge to such Ivy League powerhouses as 352-year-old Harvard and 242-year-old

Princeton, where the notion of academic endeavor is firmly associated with rigorous winters and a stern Puritan work ethic. Reflecting the early contempt heaped on Palo Alto by the Eastern establishment, one 19th century editorialist wrote that “Stanford's great wealth can only be used to erect an empty shell.”

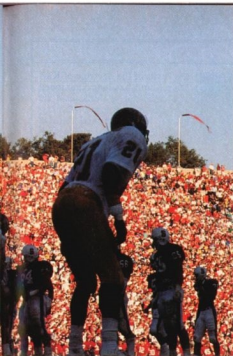
Some shell. Today Stanford is home to 1,200 faculty members and 13,300 students. Its faculty and staff include nine Nobel laureates, eleven National Medal of Science recipients, eight MacArthur Foundation Fellows and six Pulitzer prizewinners. Stanford students have won 59 Rhodes Scholarships and 27 Marshall Scholarships. Among the university's illustrious alumni are Supreme Court Justices William Rehnquist, Anthony Kennedy and Sandra Day O'Connor; Football Stars Jim Plunkett and John Elway; Astronaut Sally Ride; TV Commentator Ted Koppel and—would you believe?—Harvard President Derek Bok.

The university's professional schools and research institutions have produced a dazzling string of scientific and technological breakthroughs. Stanford developed the world's first X-ray microscope. The Stanford Medical Center was the site of the nation's first adult heart transplant. Stanford research produced the basic pat-

ent on gene splicing and scores of other inventions that will net the university some \$6 million in royalties this year.

Add to all that a high-powered athletic department, top-flight business, law and education schools and a respectable, if not quite superlative, humanities program, and you get major headaches for recruiters at rival institutions. Moans a Yale University admissions officer: “Stanford's got everything—great climate, great physical plant, terrific extracurriculars and, increasingly, world-class academics.” No less impressed, Cornell University President Frank Rhodes declares, “Stanford is not simply a great national institution, but one of the world's great institutions.” That collegial admiration was reflected last October in a *U.S. News & World Report* survey in which university presidents were asked to choose the nation's best colleges. Stanford came in first for national universities, ahead of Harvard and Yale.

The Stanfords founded the university in 1885 in memory of their son (hence the “Junior” in the university's name). They modeled it not on Harvard or Yale but on Cornell. In particular, they admired Cornell's democratic, coeducational, nonsectarian admissions policy and its broad, practical curriculum. Cornell also provided Stanford's first president, David Starr



battle before a packed house at Stanford Stadium



Scientific breakthroughs: Dr. Norman Shumway and fellow members of the heart-transplant team

Jordan, and seven of the school's first 20 faculty members. From the very beginning, the university had a unique sense of mission, thoughtfully articulated by Leland's widow Jane in a 1904 speech: "Let us not be afraid to outgrow old thoughts and ways and dare to think on new lines as to the future of the work under our care. Let us not be poor copies of other universities."

It was not until the end of World War II that Stanford began to live up to that ideal. Much of the credit for pulling the university out of its comfortable mediocrity belongs to Historian J.E. Wallace Sterling, who began a 19-year tenure as president in 1949, and his provost, Engineer Frederick Terman. Sterling and Terman embodied the sort of risk-taking, entrepreneurial spirit that has become one of Stanford's hallmarks. Under their guidance, Stanford began leasing some of its extensive land holdings to fledgling electronics companies. The move not only boosted the university's revenues but also helped spawn the high-tech juggernaut that later became known as Silicon Valley, which has retained close ties to Stanford. Engineering Students William Hewlett and David Packard, who met at Stanford during the Sterling years, parlayed a \$538 grant into the multibillion-dollar electronics empire that bears their names. Today they are major benefactors of the university, having pledged a total of \$120 million to their alma mater last year.

Those megadonations were part of a five-year, \$1.1 billion funding drive launched 15 months ago by Stanford's highly regarded, high-profile president, Donald Kennedy, 56. The most ambitious fund-raising campaign in the history of higher education, it has already reached the halfway mark, with some \$536 million

in pledges. The money will be used to build new science and engineering facilities, improve humanities programs, provide more student aid and establish 100 additional endowed professorships. Some \$20 million will go toward the university's already muscular athletic budget. (Unlike the Ivies, Stanford offers full athletic scholarships and competes in the big leagues—the Pacific Ten Conference—where it does extraordinarily well.)

For all Stanford's successes, Kennedy faces a number of problems. Federal grants are drying up. Public universities have begun to compete in the private fund-raising game. The price of admission continues to rise, making Stanford (\$80,000 for four years) less attractive to many students than top state schools like Berkeley (\$37,000). There is a serious shortage of housing for junior faculty members and of dormitory space for undergraduates. Nettleome neighbors are putting up roadblocks to expansion.

None of that has hampered Stanford's ability to attract a disproportionate share of the nation's top students. Of the 15,826 high school seniors who applied for admission to next fall's freshman class, only 2,521 were accepted. Of those accepted, Stanford expects 1,600 to come to Palo Alto, giving Stanford a 63% yield, second only to Harvard's 70% among major colleges and universities. Increasingly, top students are choosing Stanford over the Ivies. Noël Maurer, 18, a senior at New York City's Stuyvesant High School, who has SAT scores of 1,510 (out of a possible 1,600), typifies the trend. Accepted by Princeton, Cornell, Columbia and Duke, he chose Stanford after a quick visit to Palo Alto. "It seems a lot more relaxed than Princeton," he explains.

It is perhaps the life-style and mood of the student body that most distinguishes Stanford from its rivals across the Rockies. "In the East, students *seem* to be working harder than they are; here the kids are working harder than they seem to be," observes Kennedy. Western students, he adds, "have a less passionate concern for politics and high culture. There is a natural antipathy to what they see as an elitist dimension to high culture."

Attractive as it is to many students, Stanford's laid-back style is not universally admired. "They don't have a beach, but they ought to," snipes Neil Smelser, a sociologist at Berkeley, Stanford's archival across the bay. "It's a snooty private institution where rich white people send their kids to school." (In fact, 33.5% of the current freshman class is black, Chicano, American Indian or Asian American—more than three times the average at other major private universities.) Even from within the Stanford community, there are those who feel that the place is perhaps a little "too California," as one faculty member puts it. Senior Andrew Patzman points to an intellectual schizophrenia: "There is a certain pressure to be relaxed and to make your work appear effortless."

Such comments go to the heart of the question of what Stanford really is or should be. Some observers feel that it lacks the basic sense of identity that marks the older universities of the East. "I don't know what it stands for," says the president of an elite Eastern university. Adds Berkeley's Smelser: "Stanford is an institution in search of an image. They are forever looking over their shoulders at Harvard and Berkeley."

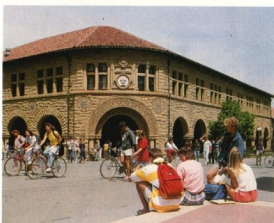
Others argue that the absence of a deep-rooted tradition is liberating. Says former Admissions Director Fred Hargadon:

Education

"Stanford's greatest strength is being relatively young, which means that the university has considerably fewer traditions and obstacles to overcome in order to make changes." That sort of openness, notes Supreme Court Justice Anthony Kennedy (B.A. 1958), encourages individuality: "The university is very careful to insist that its students remain themselves and not conform and that they develop their own special talents."

As at most universities, there is rivalry between scientific and liberal-arts communities for influence and funding. At Stanford the contest between "techies" and "fuzzies" has been lopsidedly dominated by the former. "The reality now is that it's much more like Stanford Tech than a college," says Stanford Grad Mary Munter, a professor at Dartmouth's Tuck School. "There's far less interest in the humanities." As a result, the liberal arts are the one area where Stanford clearly lags behind its Eastern rivals.

Not that the humanities do not arouse passions at Stanford. A battle erupted two years ago when several faculty members proposed to amend the required freshman reading list of 15 classics in order to include works by minority and female authors. The issue escalated into a national debate when Education Secretary William Bennett jumped into the fray to ac-



Idyllic setting: bicycles, palms and red tile roofs

cuse the reformers of "trashing Plato and Shakespeare." Six weeks ago, in a deft compromise, Stanford's faculty senate voted to pare the required list to six classics plus at least one non-European work chosen by the individual professor with "substantial attention to issues of race, gender and class."

Another debate that has embroiled the campus in recent years focuses on the role of the Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace. Founded in 1919 with a \$50,000 grant from Herbert Hoover, the semi-independent research center is officially dedicated to demonstrating

the "evils of the doctrine of Karl Marx," and has long functioned as a conservative think tank. Its close ties to the Reagan Administration have prompted protests from faculty members who wish either to bring the institution under tighter academic governance or to obtain a divorce. Tensions between the Stanford faculty and Hoover flared last year over a proposal to locate the Reagan presidential library on campus. When the faculty senate asked that the planned structure be scaled back, Hoover Director W. Glenn Campbell angrily withdrew the project and announced it would be built in Southern California.

There will surely be other controversies at Palo Alto, but as the university embarks on its second century, Donald Kennedy is striving to focus its vital energies not on institutional power struggles and polemics but on "preparing new leadership for this society." Stanford trains talented students, he recently told an alumni group, "out of faith that their capacity for wise and compassionate leadership is the best possible guarantee of the survival of everything we think is important." It is an ambitious, perhaps even a utopian, undertaking. But it is exactly what Leland Stanford had in mind.

—By Thomas A. Sanction. Reported by John E. Gallagher/New York and Paul A. Wittenman/Palo Alto

Firm but Gentle Helmsman

As a young biology professor in 1960, Donald Kennedy left a tenured job at Syracuse University for an untenured one at Stanford. "A lot of people thought I was crazy," he recalls. But at the hot, fast-evolving Palo Alto institution, he explains, "you got the sense that anything was possible." Last week in the elegant corner office of University President Donald Kennedy, it seemed that anything had indeed been possible, and would continue to be so. "I love it," exults Kennedy, 56, about the sprawling campus and his action-packed position. "I grew up here scientifically."

Born in New York City and graduated from outdoorsy Dublin School in New Hampshire ("We did a lot of woodcutting"), Kennedy entered Harvard to study English literature. But he switched to biology and stayed on for a Ph.D., meanwhile coaching the Harvard ski team. In contrast to today's microbiologists, Kennedy says, he took the old-fashioned "butterfly route" in biology. He nonetheless rocketed up the academic ladder at Syracuse and then Stanford, where he became provost in 1979. En route he detoured to Washington, first as a science adviser to Gerald Ford, then as Food and Drug Administration commissioner under

Jimmy Carter. In the latter role, he was a strong public-interest spokesman, opposing use of ozone-damaging fluorocarbon sprays and favoring regulation of such cancer-linked substances as saccharin and sodium nitrate.

When Stanford tapped him as president in 1980, he continued to take on tough issues, pushing the hiring of women and minority professors. He joined other university presidents in exploring possible ethical conflicts in commercially sponsored research and refusing government research contracts with restrictive clauses about publication. He has navigated such shoals by combining a firm hand with a collegial deference to his faculty that has spared him much of the president-bashing common to academe.

Personally, Kennedy has endured gossip preceding his marriage last fall to Stanford Lawyer Robin Hamill, 41. He wed her two months after divorcing his wife of 34 years and the mother of his two children. Professionally, he faces a continuing struggle to close the chasm between Stanford's powerful scientific-technical community and its humanities disciplines. For all his accomplishments, Kennedy is modest about his role at the university: "I can steer it a bit, but I couldn't redirect it if I wanted to." Yet all signs are that the Kennedy touch will keep the tight ship that is Stanford moving handsomely forward.



Kennedy: a sense that anything was possible

Press



Betting on what women really want: Yates, left, and Summers in their Manhattan offices

From Feminists to Teenyboppers

An Australian team takes a chance on *Ms.* and *Sassy*

The pairing seems about as likely as a business lunch between Author Germaine Greer and Pop Singer Tiffany: *Ms.*, the feminist bible born of the political turmoil of the 1960s, and *Sassy*, the impudent primer for the latest generation of boy-crazy teenage girls. But *Sassy* Founder Sandra Yates and *Ms.* Editor Anne Summers are betting that the two magazines will be the foundation of a new media empire. Last week the two transplanted Australians signed a deal to buy *Ms.* and *Sassy* from their former employer, Australia's John Fairfax Ltd.

Fairfax's decision to sell the two magazines represents an abrupt about-face. It was only a year ago that the company, which is Australia's second largest publishing concern, dispatched Yates to the U.S. to create *Sassy*, an American version of Fairfax's fabulously successful Australian teen magazine *Dolly*. Last September, upon hearing that *Ms.* Founders Gloria Steinem and Patricia Carbine were looking for a new source of funding, Yates persuaded her Australian bosses to buy the magazine for a reported \$10 million. She then installed Summers, a feminist historian and former chief of Fairfax's New York bureau, as editor.

But just as *Sassy* and the new *Ms.* were hitting the newsstands, Warwick Fairfax, the company's 27-year-old chief, decided to sell his fledgling American subdivision. At that point, Yates exercised an option to buy the two magazines. Yates and Summers are reluctant to disclose details of the purchase, but they in-

sist that their backers, which include the State Bank of New South Wales and a major U.S. bank, have provided their new company, Matilda Publishing, with enough cash to get through the start-up period.

They will need it. Although a trailblazer when it was founded in 1972, *Ms.* (circ. 485,000) has never been a financial success. Advertisers have always been cool to the magazine, and "the editorial



Women may want issues, but girls just want to have fun

voice failed to move with the times," says Yates. In an effort "to reflect the pragmatism of women as they move into the 1990s," Yates and Summers embarked on an expensive make-over, increasing the magazine's size and introducing a less cluttered design.

Freed from editorial restrictions placed on it when it was published by a tax-exempt foundation, *Ms.* now features political coverage and a revamped news section. Current articles stress solid reporting and are deliberately less doctrinaire. "*Ms.* approaches the world with

"feminist" assumptions, but it doesn't mean we use the word in every sentence," says Summers. Despite these changes, the new *Ms.* is still in transition. "We are neither a workingwoman's magazine nor a traditional woman's magazine, nor a fashion magazine," declares Summers, unwittingly leaving the impression that she is far more certain about what *Ms.* is not than what it is.

Sassy has no such identity crisis. Pert, unneringly frank and filled with clever asides from "Jane," "Catherine," "Karen," "Christina" and the rest of the staff, it has singlehandedly pioneered a new genre: pajama-party journalism. "The big question we ask is what would a 16-year-old want to learn that no one else would tell her," says Editor Jane Pratt, 25. After being presented with an idea, Pratt hashes it out with her equally young staff, and then, it often seems, simply publishes the text of the discussion. "It was a typical Wednesday morning meeting," begins a feature on flirting. "Elizabeth and Catherine were having their usual argument over who's better looking. Dweezil Zappa or Sting... And Jane had that I've-got-a-brilliant-idea look on her face. 'Why don't we do a story on how we flirt?'"

Sassy has tackled such topics as losing one's virginity ("If you don't feel like you can talk to your partner, then it's probably time to reconsider"), how to kiss (not too wet or too wide, and never with flavored lip-gloss) and the "Truth About Boys' Bodies" ("the average amount of semen per ejaculation is one-quarter of an ounce"). Sandwiched between the glossy but no-nonsense fashion pages and gushing paens to the latest teen idols is at least one hard-hitting article, like the story of a teen whose best friend died of AIDS.

Pratt, who worked briefly at *Teen* and *McCall's* before being recruited by Yates, says *Sassy* is much more difficult to edit than its conversational tone would suggest. "Coming up with story ideas is still a stretch," she remarks, sitting in her uncluttered pink office overlooking Manhattan's Times Square. After only three issues, *Sassy* already has a circulation of 280,000, a figure Yates predicts will balloon to 1 million over the next five years. That would put *Sassy* in the same league as its chief competitors, *Seventeen* (circ. 1.86 million) and *Teen* (circ. 1.19 million), and make it much more successful than *Ms.* has ever been. Which prompts an obvious question: Will *Sassy* readers grow up to become *Ms.* subscribers? "I don't think there's a teenage girl who doesn't think she will have a worthwhile career and do anything a boy can do," says Yates. "So there certainly seems to be a lot of potential." Indeed, Yates is banking on it. —By Laurence Zuckerman

Reported by Kathleen Brady/New York

People

How many angels can fit on the Fox network? Some 20,000 applications were received after **Aaron Spelling**, creator of the original *Charlie's Angels* TV series, announced the formation of a new band of angels to replace the likes of **Farrah Fawcett**, **Cheryl Ladd**, **Kate Jackson** and **Jaclyn Smith**. Instead of the traditional trinity, however, the celestial numbers were upped to four, who in the fall will star in *Angels '88* on Fox, perhaps the most appropriately named network for such a pageant. The heavenly quartet will be made up of **Karen Kopins**, **Sandra Canning**, **Tea Leoni** and **Claire Yarlett**, and it's goodbye, *Charlie*. In the new show, man will be less than the angels, having no control over them. Says Spelling: "On this show we have four intelligent ladies on their own." Translation: the angels can wing it alone.



Angels unbound: from left, Leoni, Kopins, Canning and Yarlett say goodbye to Charlie

Former Lieut. Colonel **Oli-ver North** looked a little sheepish in academic clothing as he received an honorary degree from the Rev. **Jerry Fal-well's** Liberty University, in Lynchburg, Va. A 600-sq.-ft. flag behind him, North, dressed in a black gown, spiced 35 minutes of patriotic oratory with wry comments on his upcoming legal battles. One day, he said to the graduates, "a few of you, and I hope only a few of you, may become special prosecutors. My case may still be around." So may the defendant. There is a fledgling movement among Virginia conservatives to draft North for the U.S. Senate, and he has done nothing to hinder it. Said he: "We need a better Congress."

Who was at fault? **Dave Pallone**, the umpire whose controversial ninth-inning call helped

the New York Mets beat the Cincinnati Reds? Or Reds Manager **Pete Rose**, who reacted with a pair of football body blocks after, he says, a gesticulating Pallone jabbed him in the cheek? Or maybe the unruly fans at Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium, who rained golf balls and transistor radios on the offending ump, forcing him to leave the game for his own safety? Last week

National League President **A. Bartlett Giamatti** slapped Rose with a \$10,000 fine and a 30-day suspension, the severest punishment of a manager since Brooklyn's **Leo Durocher** missed the entire 1947 season for allegedly consorting with gamblers. The league, said Giamatti, will not "tolerate the degeneration" of the game. Rose, who may have expected no more than a five-game lay-off, appealed the suspension. Not one to turn the other cheek, he insisted that Pallone "started it all" and should be reprimanded too. The league said no but cut Rose's exile to 27 days. Battery, er, batter up!

Nowadays a novel can exist entirely in electronic bits and bytes. Still, there is nothing quite like paper copy. Ask Pulitzer Prize-winning Author **Saul Bellow**. At an auction at Sotheby's next month, Bellow will sell every sheet of paper he possesses from the creation of his 1970 novel *Mr. Sammler's Planet*. The sale is expected to

fetch between \$60,000 and \$100,000. "I had a brain-storm to do something about the manuscripts myself and dispose of the proceeds in a nice way," says Bellow. "I would like to do something for a writer, just as I was helped by the University of Chicago." Bellow brushes aside worries that such charity might inflate the value of original texts and put them out of the reach of academicians. "I threw a manuscript down an incinerator at an early stage of my career. Who cares?" It might have been interesting, though, to read what Bellow thought deserved burning.

As quickly as she had flashed on the scene, she was gone. Two years ago, the Anglo-Nigerian singer **Helen Folasade Adu**, better known as **Sade**, sold 20 million copies of two smash albums that included such hits as *Smooth Operator* and *The Sweetest Taboo*. Her cool, jazzy music ushered in a new age of classy pop. Her huge hoop earrings and bolero jackets started a teen fad. But, unhappy with exhausting tours, Sade (pronounced *Shah-day*) drifted into a hiatus—catching up with family, touring castles in Spain. Now she's back. This week record stores receive *Stronger Than Pride*, the album that evolved from



Temper unleashed: Pallone and Rose



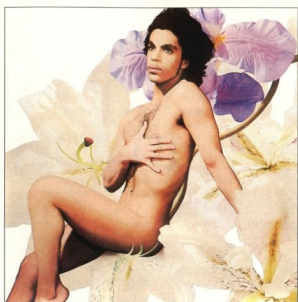
Album unveiled: Sade returns

her travels. Said the singer: "This time the songs were longer in coming."

■
Ex-Beatle and Movie Mogul **George Harrison** is a bit of a fixer. In 1986, when **Sean Penn** wrought havoc on the Hong Kong set of the production of *Shanghai Surprise*, Harrison flew in to patch things up between his movie crew and the temperamental actor. This year Harrison, who heads HandMade Films, has decided that his latest project, *Checking Out*, might also need a little help from the boss. Much of the movie is set in a revisionist heaven discovered by **Jeff Daniels** (*Something Wild*) during an out-of-body experience. Paradise is overpopulated. All kinds of riffraff abound, including oddities in jungle war paint. Heaven also has billboards, says Daniels, "otherwise people would miss them." Harrison appears as a janitor who cleans up after the

night." Untrue! cried Cher. Claiming that the story implied she was racist, the actress has filed a suit for \$15 million in punitive damages against what she calls the "toilet-paper magazine." Cher says she heard Murphy's remarks only two weeks ago on tape. "What he said is not an idea that I think bad," she notes. "I probably wouldn't have said it then. I would not have trashed him."

■
In the golden age of CBS News, **Walter Cronkite** was the apple of the network's unblinking eye. But since **Dan Rather** assumed the anchor in 1981, Cronkite, who still receives an annual salary from CBS of \$1 million, has been less than visible. Despite his passion for journalism, says one network colleague, "Walter seems to be more comfortable sailing." Starting in November, Cronkite's contract will reportedly limit his pay to \$150,000 and change his status from special



Rock star unclothed: Prince on the cover of his latest release *LoveSexy*

way to iron out the differences. Will Uncle Walt remain CBS's living icon, or will he eye ABC, NBC or PBS? At 71, does he really want to go head-to-head against that upstart Rather?

■
A hand draped modestly below a nipple. A leg propped strategically into place. Skin, lots of skin. Is this the latest teen beauty queen showing off her talents? Not at all. Not with hair on the bare chest and the upper lip. It's **Prince**, posed naughtily nude on the cover of his just released album, *LoveSexy*, and having his little jig among the orchids. Already, a single (*Alphabet Street*) is shooting up *Billboard's* Hot 100 charts. Another song, *When 2 R in Love*, is resurrected from *The Black Album*, the 1987 recording that the whimsical singer, noted for his raunchy

funk, thought so dark and grim that he chose to shelve it. That was no loss to Prince. His previous albums, including 1999, *Purple Rain* and *Sign o' the Times*, have sold more than 22 million copies in the U.S. alone. Now, poised on his flowers, the Narcissus of rock more than intimates that *LoveSexy* is going to be as hot as a pistol.

■
"I always wanted to sell a painting for a million dollars," **Jasper Johns** once said. The reclusive modern master is not benefiting from the sale, but last week one of his paintings went for more than four times that amount. At Sotheby's, an unidentified buyer picked up *Diver*, a 7½-ft.-by-14-ft. canvas completed in 1962, for \$4.18 million, the highest price ever paid for the work of a living artist. Said the trendy art world shiverer, Said

'60s Art Arbiter **Ethel Scull**, who sold her own Johns (*Out the Window*) at auction 18 months ago for \$3.63 million: "It is an important painting, but it isn't as nice as the one I sold." Still, last week's sale raises the market value of other Johns works in private collections. All that may yet profit the 68-year-old artist: he possesses the definitive hoard of Jasper Johns.

—By Howard G. Chua-Eoan.
Reported by Kathleen Brady
and David E. Thigpen/
New York



Heaven undone: Harrison and a celestial denizen in *Checking Out*

litterbugs who roam the empyrean. My sweet lord, heaven sounds like hell!

■
"This was one of the nicest nights of my life," says **Cher**, "and to have the *National Enquirer* ruin it really pisses me off." The tabloid ran a backstage-at-the-Oscars story chronicling her reaction to Presenter **Eddie Murphy's** reminder that it's time for Hollywood to recognize blacks' contribution to show biz. The *Enquirer* alleged that Cher, who had just won for Best Actress, accosted Murphy and said, "I'm outraged. You put a damper on the whole

correspondent to consultant. CBS believes it has his services exclusively for the next ten years, but Cronkite is not so sure. Negotiations are under



Prices unfettered: Jasper Johns' *Diver*, sold at auction for a record \$4.18 million

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Show Business

So, Here's to You, Irving Berlin!

A happy 100th birthday to America's favorite songwriter

Well, yip, yip, yaphank, and let's all wish a happy 100th birthday to Irving Berlin. This week everybody's doin' it—celebrating the boy born Israel Baline in Russia a century ago, who came to the U.S., reached for the moon and found that there's no business like show business. God bless America: Berlin's songs are his life.

Isn't this a lovely day? Jerome Kern once summed up Berlin's place in American popular music by observing: "Irving Berlin has no place in American music. He is American music." Way back when, George M. Cohan spotted the appeal of the man who had "named himself after an English actor and a German city," Berlin, said the Yankee doodle dandy, "writes a song with a good lyric, a lyric that rhymes, good music, music you don't have to dress up to listen to. He is uptown, but he is there with the old downtown hard sell."

So say it with music. Has there ever been a songwriter like Berlin? Play a simple melody, he wrote, and he has: about 1,500 songs, show tunes and standards, ragtime and ballads, slow wistful waltzes and brisk up-tempo two-steps, reveries and revellies. I love a piano, he sang, and have man and instrument ever been more symbiotic, the one giving voice to the other?

Holed up in his Manhattan mansion, a recluse for decades, Berlin is still writing songs and, some say, whole shows. Call me up some rainy afternoon: the Garbo of composers, Berlin is glimpsed only infrequently on one of his constitutional, out for an old-fashioned walk under blue skies. But he's still handy with the telephone, dialing old friends and serenading them in a raspy voice, chewing the fat or just doin' what comes naturally. Let me sing, and I'm happy.

How does he do it? Berlin never learned to read music, employing assistants to notate his tunes and help harmonize them. "I'm a little like a poet who can write verses that people like, but who can't parse the sentences in his poems," he once said. Well, he isn't worried: any high school kid can parse. He always knew exactly what he was doing. In 1920, when he was still talking to the press, Berlin offered nine rules for composing a song. Write it for the average voice, for either sex to sing. The title should be strong, the lyrics euphonious. It should have "heart interest" and be "original in idea, words and music." Keep it simple. And

absolutely no amateurs need apply: "The songwriter must look upon his work as a business, that is, to make a success of it, he must work and work and then WORK." Always.

This is the life. Hard work has made Berlin a multimillionaire, but just how many multi or millions he has, nobody knows, and he's not telling. (His first, and last, authorized biography, written by Alexander Woolcott, was published in 1925.) Berlin may have lost the knack for writing hits—his last show, *Mr. President*,

Lyricists" series—this season devoted entirely to Berlin—the composer balked at the extra performance and forced the Y to cancel it. Better luck next time, but say it isn't so.

Some of his protectiveness might stem from his origins in the hardscrabble Lower East Side, where he sang for pennies on street corners and in saloons until he landed a job as a singing waiter. His media shyness may stem from the days when his efforts to marry his wife of 62 years, Heiress Ellin Mackay, were the stuff of a yellow journalist's dreams. Her father objected; the headlines screamed. I've got my love to keep me warm: Berlin and the girl he married secretly in 1926 have raised three daughters and today live comfortably in their home on swank Beekman Place. No slumming on Park Avenue for them.

Berlin's songs are as much part of American culture as any folk song. They seem to have been with us always, defining the spirit of a nation in an artless melody, or an unexpected harmonic twist.

Berlin's cares have been ours, his sentiments shared, his moods universal. When his first wife, Dorothy Goetz, died of typhoid after their honeymoon in Cuba, Berlin poured his heart into a song, venting his grief in *When I Lost You*. A stint in the Army during World War I inspired the serviceman's lament, *Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning*. And what would the holidays be without *White Christmas*, or springtime on Fifth Avenue without an *Easter Parade*?

Berlin is sitting out the Wednesday-night birthday bash in his honor at Carnegie Hall, but some friends will be there singing his songs: Frank Sinatra, Rosemary Clooney, Billy Eckstine and even members of the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of America, to whom Berlin assigned royalties of *God Bless America*, the country's unofficial national anthem. He has always associated with the best. Think of Fred Astaire, resplendent in *Top Hat*, *White Tie and Tails*, or the brassy Ethel Merman, hitting the mark in *Annie Get Your Gun* and belting out *There's No Business Like Show Business*.

So, here's to you Irving Berlin; at 100, you keep coming back like a song. For you, a pretty girl is like a melody; for us, your melodies are like a pretty girl—irresistible. On May 11, you'll be home, probably painting or picking out a new tune on the piano. But you can't brush us off; we'll be singing. Maybe we don't have to dress up, but just this once we can be forgiven for puttin' on the ritz; they say it's wonderful. So let's break out the top hat and white tie. Let's face the music and dance.

—By Michael Walsh



The master and his music: Berlin in 1943

His songs seem to have been with us always.

was a 1962 flop—but the old downtown hard sell has never deserted him. He guards his copyrights with a care that borders on niggardliness, even though he's outlived some of them (notably *Alexander's Ragtime Band*), and he is fiercely, even pettily, protective of all his music. It all belongs to me.

In February, his lawyer served a cease-and-desist order on a New York City nightclub that was putting on a whole show of his music, even though it was a tribute to him. When Manhattan's 92nd Street Y added a fourth performance of each program in its "Lyrics and

Photography

The Reigning Eye Of His Generation

A Manhattan show honors a rule breaker

Look once at the photographs of Garry Winogrand and you might think the man was all thumbs. But look twice: he had his finger on something special. This week, four years after his death at 56, Winogrand is being honored by Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art with a retrospective that is more a coronation than a memorial. The kingmaker is John Szarkowski, MOMA's vastly influential photography curator, who has spent two decades praising and unpuzzling Winogrand's headlong pictures. For the final section of this 190-print summation of Winogrand's career, Szarkowski even had developed more than 2,500 rolls of film that the Bronx-born photographer left behind at his death. After closing on Aug. 16, the show will travel to Chicago, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, Austin and Tucson, spreading Szarkowski's view that Winogrand is the "central photographer of his generation."

That claim can still make some people wince. To anyone conditioned to want every figure bolted into an ironclad composition, Winogrand's images can look limp, slapdash—shots taken at the indecisive moment. They seem to lack a prevailing mood, leaving the eye to make its way among faces with canceled expressions or bodies deposited around the frame in eccen-

tric ways. Rather than place his main figures in the foreground of a tautly arranged setting, Winogrand was content to see them sliced by the edges of the frame, or surrounded by acres of unexceptional space, or perched in the middle distance while some quizzical extra hogged center stage.

Winogrand hated the term snapshot aesthetic, which was sometimes applied to his work, but it indicates clearly enough what enraged his critics and rallied his admirers. His conviction that mundane scenes were charged with consequence was nothing new to photography, but he pursued it to lengths that pressed uncomfortably upon an old question: Can the camera take dictation and call it poetry?

Winogrand would have replied that the very qualities of the camera that conventional taste had discounted—the embrace of whatever wanders into its frame, the eccentric bunchings of form it collects, the odd instants it can freeze for further study—were its unacknowledged assets. Given the proper attention, they would draw viewers into departments of feeling where standard pictures would never take them. To the un-

prepared, and even sometimes to the well prepared, there are Winogrand's that indeed look haphazard and slight—dedicated studies of unyielding scenes. But for every one that mumbles, there are a dozen that fit together a bracing new kind of declaration. His pictures have their own kind of muscle and spine, enough to push out the boundaries of art. And, for that matter, to lift the spirit. —By Richard Lacayo

■ **NEW MEXICO, 1957.** The photographs of Walker Evans taught Winogrand the psychological power of plain fact. Winogrand saw the facts through the prism of his own uneasy temperament in his image of a toddler entering the sunlight. To anyone with a taste for hidden allegory, a driveway at the edge of the desert can stand in for American civilization, and an overturned tricycle hints at the hazards the future can hold. But what probably appealed to Winogrand was the way the scene was forever poised outside of all explanation.



THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK, GIFT OF A. CANNON-LITTLE



■ **BRONX ZOO, NEW YORK, 1963.** Winogrand's more radical style took shape rapidly in the early 1960s, a period when he was shooting the crowds and animals at New York City zoos. When he photographed a man and a rhinoceros weighing each other's circumstances, he showed each of them in a personal enclosure. Cramming his subjects like wary fighters into their corners added a last degree of compression. During the same years Winogrand also began obsessively photographing pedestrians. What he saw at the zoo helped him to recognize the human predicaments he was tracking on the street, where he found that the higher mammals, bored and enclosed, could nonetheless sometimes kick up their heels.

■ **LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, 1969.** By holding his camera at an angle, Winogrand gave his pictures the precarious tilt that had served German expressionist painters as their sign for the psychic tremors of city life. At the same time, his wide-angle lens bundled the sights of the social landscape into combinations that the mind can register but never resolve. On a sun-dazzled Los Angeles street, the wide angle admitted into one side of this photograph a man in a wheelchair. He is literally marginalized, but the picture is not about him alone. It is about the world that includes sexy women, a curious boy, blades of sunlight and a man slumped in a wheelchair—like Bruegel's painting of Icarus dropping unnoticed into the sea while the workaday world goes on all around.

■ **REOPENING, WALDORF-ASTORIA PEACOCK ALLEY, NEW YORK, 1971.** "I photograph to find out what something will look like photographed," Winogrand once said—one of the art world's most circular quotes. But it goes straight to the heart of his chief intuition. The four edges of a print rebuild the scenes they enclose, giving lesser ingredients an oversize chance to infect the flavor of the whole. A waiter on the sidelines is offered to the eye as a major note, larger than the white goddess making her entrance. Then again, the central figure may be the lady in black who has the back of her lustrous head to the camera. The eye skis down the lighted trails of her hair and cape to the sheen of her plumage trim. To live in those days, after all, meant to be in full feather.

Cinema



Passionate collector: Miyamoto at the Tokyo tax office

Driven by Uncontrollable Passions

A TAXING WOMAN Directed and Written by Juzo Itami

Her freckles are utterly disarming. She enhances their effect by wearing her hair in a girlish bob. Her round brown eyes seem to be perpetually widened in astonishment at the inventiveness that people lavish on wicked enterprises. In short, Ryoko Itakura (Nobuko Miyamoto) does not fit anyone's image of a tax collector. But in her case, appearances are usefully deceptive. They camouflage a spirit demonically dedicated to exposing the cheating heart of the all-too-typical taxpayer.

Hideki Gondo (Tutomu Yamazaki) is her dark double, a crippled, spidery man whose vast real estate portfolio includes a chain of notorious hot-sheet hotels. Gondo's outward manner vividly contrasts with Ryoko's. He too has a childish air about him, but it is the air of a spoiled child. Abruptly cruel and totally selfish, he is as maniacally dedicated to tax avoidance as she is to tax compliance. She may spare a moment from investigative accountancy for compassion (directed at his troubled teenage son). He may digress from getting and hoarding to express a possibly authentic romantic longing (directed at her). But fundamentally they are both driven by passions that are beyond rational analysis or control.

Except by Juzo Itami, a filmmaker to whom obsession is character, the source of everything that is interesting and wacky in human behavior. In last year's *Tampopo* he genially satirized the spiritual contortions people will undergo when gripped by a fervor for *haute cuisine*. In *A Taxing Woman* his subjects are relentless greed and implacable righteousness, and his mood is, appropriately, much darker.

As before, he is rigorously informative about the hard, occasionally grotesque la-

hors that disproportionate passions demand of their victims. If you thought you learned more than you needed to know about the creation of the perfect noodle soup in *Tampopo*, you may now feel you are finding out more than you require about tax law and outlawry in contemporary Japan. But arcana have their own peculiar charms—and their special usefulness in Itami's larger design. When his single-minded characters are thwarted in the pursuit of their hearts' odd desires, they have a tendency to burst into sudden, angry flame. And to elicit hysterical responses from bystanders astounded when a quiet oddball turns into a bright-burning fireball.

In *Tampopo* the amount of unpredictably bad behavior occasioned by the pursuit of a great recipe was funny and surreal. In *A Taxing Woman*, where the subject is money, these outbursts are more shocking than risible, especially when Ryoko's revenue-agent colleagues eventually stage a mass raid on Gondo's home and demonstrate they are every bit as mad in their pursuit of justice as he is in defense of miserliness.

With this film, Itami is less a knock-about ironist, more a sly cinematic Dostoyevsky. The clues to this secret identity lie in his sudden alternations of mood between quiet and noisy desperation, his fascination with the moral force of the holy fool—the part the director's graceful wife Miyamoto is essentially playing—and, above all, his allusions to *Crime and Punishment*. As in the great novel, it is a tenacious detective's patience that forces the final confession a criminal requires for his soul's peace. But the entertaining dexterity with which Itami plays this potentially heavy hand is all his own, and strangely beguiling. He collects our interest, but charges no penalties. —By Richard Schickel

Dour Caper

BELLMAN AND TRUE

Directed by Richard Loncraine
Screenplay by Desmond Lowden and Richard Loncraine with Michael Wearing

The best description of *Bellman and True* is an oxymoron: it is, of all things, a dour caper. That is, a usually merry cinematic enterprise—the one in which a group of swagmen laugh all the way to the supposedly impenetrable bank vault from which they intend to extract millions—is shown with brutal realism.

Such a stroke of honesty is alone enough to commend this good little British picture. But it is almost the least of its virtues. The mobsters force an alcoholic computer engineer named Hiller (played with a wonderfully watery passivity by Bernard Hill) to act as their "bellman," or alarm-system neutralizer. His only virtue is his devotion to his stepson (Kieran O'Brien), who has no name but the one we impute to him: True. He is a wise, sober child, spunky and devoted to the man who takes responsibility for him when both are deserted by the child's mother.

Hiller concocts elaborate electronic toys to amuse the boy and an equally complex running fairy tale to divert him from his loss. Their unsentimental relationship is developed with a clarity that makes a shining contrast with the instinctive violence of their criminal associates and the devilish complexity of the heist. Hiller's contributions to the proceedings are as witty as the toys he builds for True, and the denouement of the whole tale is gratifying. But it is constant, often startling, shifts in the film's emotional tone, the economy of its writing and its lively movement through the bleak London landscape that lend it true distinction.

—R.S.



An odd couple: O'Brien and Hill

A close-up photograph of a woman with blonde, curly hair smiling and hugging a man in a dark Army uniform. The man is seen from the side, wearing a garrison cap. In the background, the face of an older man is partially visible, also smiling. The woman's hand, with a gold ring, is resting on the man's shoulder.

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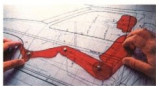


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Music

Up from the Underground

Composer Anthony Davis is no longer an invisible man

It's the slurs that are bothering Anthony Davis. Not racial cracks or snooty disparagement—not those slurs at all. No, the slurs that have drawn his ire are the little hemispheres that composers write over groups of notes to indicate a phrase. Musical slurs. Value-free slurs. And, in Davis, they are all wrong.

"No!" Davis exclaims, sitting in an empty Midwestern concert hall listening to the first rehearsal of his new *Violin*

ble Moon (with a libretto by his wife Deborah Atherton), scheduled for production in St. Louis next year. A brilliant pianist, Davis tours regularly with Episteme, his crack avant-garde jazz ensemble.

He would, in other words, seem to embody the notion of a crossover artist. With his jazz background, he calls up visions of the Third Stream, that brief confluence of jazz and classical music long thought dried up. In works like *Black, Brown and Beige*,

whiplash rhythms and overlaid with the seductive percussive haze of the Balinese gamelan orchestra, and you will have an idea of what both the *Concerto* and *Notes from the Underground* sound like.

In both his jazz and his "serious" music, the composer is fascinated by structure; "the ultimate freedom," Davis has proclaimed, "is to command form." *Notes from the Underground*, handsomely performed by the American Composers Orchestra under Conductor Paul Dunkel at Carnegie Hall, is driven by irregular rhythmic patterns, superimposed over one another until the music threatens meltdown. There are no melodies, but short, tight melodic fragments: the orchestra jumps in, riffing away at groups of three, four and five beats, with sharp accents thrown like sucker punches.

By contrast, *Maps* is a gentler, more melodic work. Performed by Violinist Shem Guibory, a member of Episteme, with William McGlaughlin conducting the Kansas City Symphony, it is in three movements, each one based on a fanciful drawing by Davis' eight-year-old son Timothy. The composer's passion for ostinatos (repeated notes or phrases), a legacy of his jazz playing, is evident in the first movement, called "Timothy Island." "The Ghost Factory" is a shimmering fantasy for the solo violin, vibraphone, marimba and harp, while the finale, "Planet J," evokes the concerto's opening as it settles into an irresistible ostinato—"groove music," Davis calls it—then gathers steam for lift-off.

The growth of Davis' technique since *X* has been impressive. *X*, the story of the fiery Black Muslim leader assassinated in a Manhattan ballroom in 1965, had a daunting subject, and it got a vivid, unflinching but rather harsh treatment from the composer and his librettist cousin Thulani Davis. Both *Notes from the Underground* and the *Concerto*, on the other hand, are more relaxed and assured—evolutionary, not revolutionary. This is not black music, but music written by a composer who happens to be black.

Still, race informs Davis' art. Despite its Dostoyevskian title, *Notes* is a homage to Writer Ralph Ellison; its two movements are called "Shadow" and "Act," after Ellison's book of essays. Says Davis: "Notes for me was a double pun. It's like, as a jazzman, I'm from the underground, and as a black man, I'm the invisible man." These are the slurs that sting.

Says Davis: "I resent it when people expect me to be a 'black composer.' After *X*, I had a lot of people come up to me and say, 'Who's next? Marcus Garvey? Martin Luther King?' I wasn't ready for that." Instead, he says, he is contemplating an opera about the kidnapping of Patty Hearst. "Tanya," he says. "It makes a nice title." No slurs there. No typographical either. Just a talent worth watching, and listening to.

—By Michael Walsh



Composer and Jazz Pianist Davis at rehearsal: evoking visions of the Third Stream

"Sometimes I forget that not everybody hears the music the way I do."

Concerto by the Kansas City Symphony. "I know I wrote slurs over those eighth notes, but they're all jumbled together. They sound like mush," Davis jumps up and heads toward the conductor, score in hand. "We need to hear each one separately," he says. "Dig-a-da-dum!" he scats, his right hand punching the air in emphasis. All at once, something that had been mumbled turns articulate as the strings bite into their parts.

"Sometimes I forget when I'm notating that not everybody hears the music the way I do," says Davis, 37. But hearing it are these days, and cheering it as well. The Manhattan-based composer is enjoying acclaim for the recent premieres of his two latest works: the concerto, subtitled *Maps*, performed in Kansas City, and *Notes from the Underground*, an orchestral piece, in New York City. Two seasons ago, his powerful first opera, *X* (*The Life and Times of Malcolm X*), caused a sensation at the New York City Opera, and Davis is now at work on a science-fiction opera called *Under the Dou-*

Duke Ellington bravely but cautiously ventured across the border that separates the big band from the orchestra; playing with the Modern Jazz Quartet, Pianist John Lewis pushed out the frontiers of his art while still remaining within its bounds. Now Davis, the New Jersey-born, Yale-educated son of a college professor, has gone a step further. Bright, articulate and accomplished, he is an important young American composer who happens to be—a jazzman.

As such, he represents one of the salient trends in modern American music, the fusion of the pop vernacular with the mainstream classical tradition. He is not alone: Rock Musician Glenn Branca writes raucous symphonies for electric guitars, and the Chinese-American Lucia Hwang brings a cross-cultural sensibility to bear on her wistful New Age musings. But although Davis' orchestral music may contain improvisatory sections reminiscent of jazz, it is carefully controlled and expertly planned. Imagine Ellington's lush, massed sonorities propelled by Bartók's vigorous

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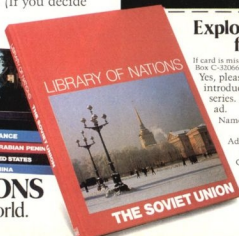
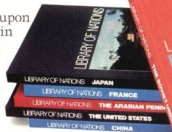
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Books

An Eyewitness to Paradox

QUINN'S BOOK by William Kennedy; Viking; 289 pages; \$18.95

Wherever they gather to raise their spirits, would-be writers and involuntary collectors of rejection slips invariably get around to the legend of William Kennedy. How his fourth novel came bouncing back from publishing houses 13 times, and how two of his earlier books, *Legs* and *Billy Phelan's Greatest Game*, seemed doomed to remain a dyad rather than parts of the trilogy their author had planned. Enter a *deus ex machina* in the person of Saul Bellow, a Nobel laureate, no less, who administered a scolding to those who had rebuffed Kennedy's manuscript and thereby inaugurated a streak of magic. When *Ironweed* finally appeared in 1983, it won a fistful of awards, including the Pulitzer Prize, not to mention a sale to Hollywood for a big-budget adaptation (Jack Nicholson! Meryl Streep!). Meanwhile—the narrative gets even better—Kennedy, now 60, found himself the recipient of a MacArthur Foundation fellowship (\$264,000 over five years), diverse other honors, and that peculiar American status, the long, drawn-out, overnight success.

One of the nice things about this story is that it happens to be true. But the inference that such a dream can materialize randomly for anyone with enough luck is certainly false. Kennedy's good fortune has had the perverse effect of overshadowing his talent, of making him seem a lottery winner rather than an artist who finally gained the attention he deserved. Hence his fifth novel arrives at an opportune moment, providing a respite from the hoopla of recognition and a chance to examine anew what all the noise is about.

Quinn's Book may at first prompt some head scratching, since it looks like a startling departure from the fiction that established Kennedy's reputation. As in his first four novels, the setting is Albany, but not the Prohibition dives and Depression-haunted back streets populated by the likes of Legs Diamond and drifting members of the Phelan family. This time out the year is 1849 and the narrative mode has changed from naturalistic to headlong melodramatic. In short order, an exotic singer and dancer named Magdalena Colón drowns while being ferried across the ice-clogged Hudson River en

route from Albany to a theatrical engagement in Troy. The entertainer's body and the shivering form of her surviving niece Maud, 12, are fished out of the current and taken to the immense mansion of Hillegond Staats, a widow whose hospitality had regaled them before the accident.

Madness and miracles rapidly accrue. While the city suffers a number of freak disasters on "this day of hellfire and ice," Magdalena is chafed back to life by the indelicate and unnatural ministrations of John the Brawn, who pulled her out of the river. Then a hanged white man is discovered in a mausoleum on the mansion grounds, with a living black man shackled to his wrist. Next, a corpse buried some 70

years earlier is disinterred from this scene of fresh violence and removed to the house, where it promptly explodes.

The person who witnesses and reports all this is Daniel Quinn, an orphan approaching his 15th birthday who works for the roguish John the Brawn. This night is the making of Quinn and his book, for it is then that he falls helplessly in love with Maud and launches himself on the adventures that he will gradually learn to capture in words. "Quinn," he asks himself at one point, "when will you become wise, or even smart?" *Quinn's Book* provides the answer.

The picaresque formula of sending a young man out to be educated on the highways of life is as old as fiction, and Kennedy does not tamper with it. He makes no attempt to impose 20th century attitudes on 19th century happenings. The narrator describes himself: "Quinn experiences everything and concludes

nothing. *Tabula rasa ad infinitum*." The garish, dramatic events Quinn observes hardly require embellishment. Befriended by Will Canaday, the editor of the *Albany Chronicle*, the boy sees a reporter dragged away from the newspaper by hoodlums who wish to stop his investigation of a vast secret organization called "The Society." Next comes a brutal street battle between native-born laborers and "the famine Irish," who have poured into the city seeking work. Quinn is canny enough to recognize in this mayhem a "historical moment in Albany, for it defined boundaries, escalated hatreds, and set laboring men of near equal dimension and common goal against each other." The boy learns that the Staats mansion, where he is a welcome guest, is also a station on the Underground Railroad.

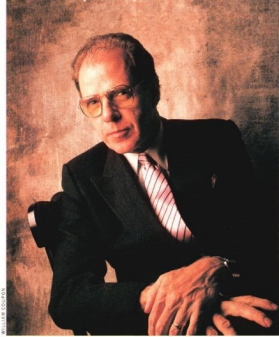
Quinn provides, as it turns out, eyewitness accounts of a number of significant moments in American history. He covers Civil War battles for Horace Greeley's *Tribune*. He is in New York City when the 1863 Draft Riots break out and bears horrified witness to the torture and lynching of Joshua, a black man who had been his friend. Quinn's involvement in the public life of his times is counterbalanced by his private quest for the elusive Maud, who lives, like her aunt, in a world of glamour and make-believe. Visiting Maud in Saratoga, Quinn observes a parade of splendid carriages bearing their occupants to the races: "They are the American motley and they carry the motley-minded

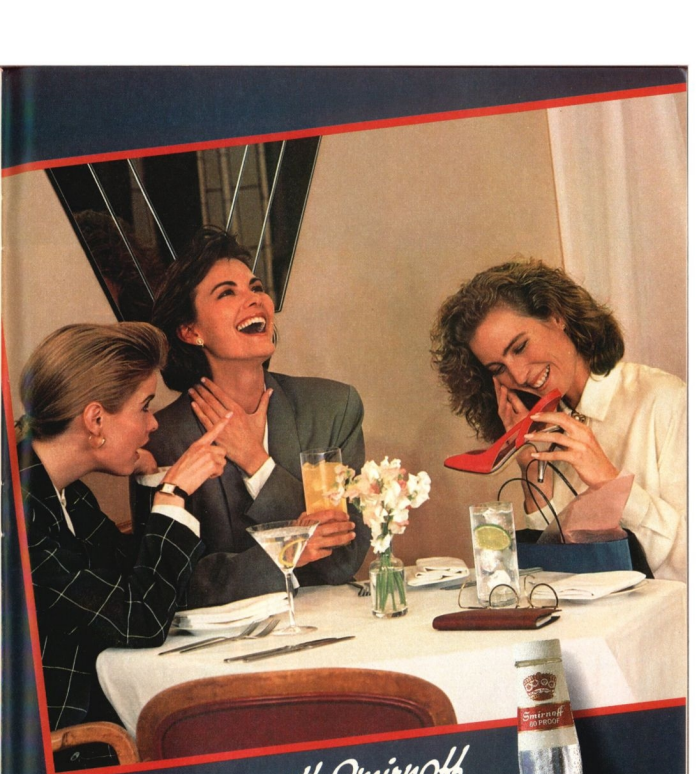
Excerpt

"What do we do with you? If you want to peddle the *Chronicle* you're welcome to live with our other orphan newsboys on the third floor," and his finger pointed to the ceiling.

"That would be good," I said, and already I felt rescued. "But I think I am interested in a life of the mind. Would I get that as a newsboy?"

"A life of the mind?" said Will, much amused. "In that case we'd better make a reporter of you."



A photograph of three women sitting at a restaurant table, laughing heartily. The woman in the center, wearing a grey blazer, holds a glass of orange juice. The woman on the left, in a dark plaid jacket, points her finger. The woman on the right, in a white blouse, holds a red high-heeled shoe to her face. The table is set with a white tablecloth, silverware, a vase of white flowers, a martini glass with a lemon twist, and a glass of water with a lime wedge. A red bag sits on the table.

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denizens of a nation at war and at play."

Quinn's Book successfully captures this dazzling, paradoxical panorama. In the past, Kennedy has excelled at revealing the dignity hidden within mean, pinched lives. This time he gives his characters plenty of elbowroom and lets them move toward folly or heroism. But the end result is the same: a novel that is both engrossing and eerily profound.

—By Paul Gray

War Stories

REUNION: A MEMOIR

by Tom Hayden

Random House; 560 pages; \$22.50

Like military commanders following a major war, radical survivors of the embattled 1960s have been emerging from their bunkers to tell it like it really was. The latest is Tom Hayden, 48, who rose to New Left prominence as the drafter of the 1962 *Port Huron Statement*, the Magna Charta of the Students for a Democratic Society. Hayden appears to have been something of a crisis junkie, getting adrenaline fixes in confrontations with authority's billy clubs and tear-gas canisters in the Mississippi Delta and Newark, at Columbia and Berkeley. He acquired national notoriety as a demonstration leader at the ill-fated Democratic Convention of 1968, which led to his trial and conviction (subsequently overturned) as a member of the Chicago Seven. Today the proud husband of Jane Fonda pursues his version of the American dream as a member of the California state legislature.

On a 1-to-10 scale of interesting lives, Hayden's probably rates about 8.5. Alas, he retells it in a cliché-strewn prose, partakes adangle, that rarely rises above a 5. Still, readers who can endure the rhetorical posturing—New York police, at one point, become the "expected forces of the military-industrial complex"—should find his account of the Chicago convention and trial fast paced and diverting. There is also a moving, elegiac coda in which Hayden revisits Mississippi with his ex-wife Casey and tours Port Huron, Mich., in search of the spot where the SDS was born.

Reunion attempts both to capture the immediacy of those old crises and to give them retrospective meaning. Unfortunately, the author has a somewhat blinkered sense of self-awareness. He rightly credits the student movement with helping to raise the nation's consciousness on such issues as black civil rights and the Viet Nam War. But error, for the most part, is acknowledged through gritted teeth. *Reunion* contains a breathlessly credulous account of his 1965 visit to Hanoi, replete with references to the pride and dignity of the North Vietnamese. In an afterthought, Hayden admits that he was "blind to the core of authoritarianism" in Hanoi. It is a "yes, but" apology, balanced with renewed assaults on the flaws in U.S. policy, and it appears to carry a subliminal message: We radicals were on the side of the angels; we did not deserve to be wrong.

—By John Elson

Bookends

RIDING THE IRON ROOSTER:
BY TRAIN THROUGH CHINA

by Paul Theroux

Putnam; 480 pages; \$21.95



"Grin like a dog and wander aimlessly." This gnomic advice for the wayfarer is offered by the world's pre-eminent train traveler in his wry, humorous and occasionally querulous account of a journey across China by rail. (The Iron Rooster of the title, locally known as the cheapskate express, is the train from Beijing to Urumqi.) As Theroux makes excruciatingly clear, traveling alone in the Middle Kingdom is not for the faint of heart or stomach: the food is mostly vile, the toilets are filthy, and drafty coaches are invariably crowded with unbathed passengers who yammer and spit.

But there are surprises. The author of such chronicles of nomadism as *The Great Railway Bazaar* and *The Old Patagonian Express* has an uncanny eye for telling details and bizarre statistics—for example, 35 million Chinese still live in caves. Theroux finds a kind of Nirvana at the end of a hair-raising side trip to Tibet—ironically by auto, not rail. He is overwhelmed by the indomitable verve of the Tibetans, who have kept alive their culture and loyalty to the exiled Dalai Lama despite the methodical savagery of Beijing's rule. And why is Tibet such a paradise? This remote land of monks and mountains, Theroux notes, is the only area of China without trains. "I thought I liked railways until I saw Tibet," he surprisingly concludes, "and then I realized that I liked wilderness much more."

THE MYSTERIES OF PITTSBURGH

by Michael Chabon

Morrow; 297 pages; \$16.95



Early in this bright, funny, mannered first novel, Art Bechstein, the heterosexual hero, fresh out of college and understandably eager to postpone adulthood by whatever means necessary, talks himself into a summer of deviant fiddledeedee. "It was not as though I had any firm or fearful objection to homosexuals," he reflects when one makes an advance. "In certain books by gay writers I thought I had appreciated the weight and secret tremble of their thoughts... It was only that I felt keen to avoid, as they say, a misunderstanding." Ah, yes. So Art wobbles rubber-legged between Phlox, a beautiful but shallow young woman, and Arthur, a beautiful young man of fascinating secret sorrows. The pages bounce along amusingly, although a subplot involving Bechstein's father, supposedly a

big-shot gangster, never makes much sense. A heterosexual reader may experience a "gack" reaction when Art reaches tenderly for the wrong sort of flesh, but that does no harm. The book's major flaw is that occasional paragraphs are too self-indulgently exquisite, as if the author had written them while wearing yellow spats.

THE SALAD DAYS

by Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

Doubleday; 431 pages; \$19.95



His father was the swash-buckler of the silents and a founder of United Artists. In a memoir tintured with candor and charm, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. recalls the most difficult vow of his youth: "Somehow I would grow up to be 'my own man.'" At 19 the male ingenue married Joan Crawford, who supplied him with "a ramrod up my backside." He demanded better roles in movies and began to hang about with Laurence Olivier and Leslie Howard. Junior enjoyed liaisons with Gertrude Lawrence and Marlene Dietrich. He also learned to act, got divorced, made a few imperishable epics like *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *Gunga Din*, remarried—this time permanently—and discovered a political conscience. His campaign against fascism before World War II cost him fans. After Pearl Harbor he joined the Navy as a seagoing deck officer. "What the hell had I got myself into?" is the book's exit line. The answer is obvious. He had found the role he auditioned for so frantically: his own man.

FREAKY DEAKY

by Elmore Leonard

Arbor House; 341 pages; \$18.95



Elmore Leonard's Middle Western guys and dolls are now a familiar and welcome diversion, especially if you like your cop yarns humorously macabre. In *Freaky Deaky*, a dope dealer named Booker gets a phone call. He is told to sit down before the caller continues. He does, and is then advised that his chair has been rigged with explosives: if he gets up, he will be blown up. He does and is. Three other characters make similarly fast exits before the end of this bang-up tale about ex-hippie terrorists, a former Black Panther, a suspended Detroit policeman and an alcoholic heir to an auto-parts fortune who spends his days floating in his pool while listening to Ezio Pinza sing *Some Enchanted Evening*. As usual, Leonard is knowing about the criminal details, unerring in his approximations of station-house dialogue and street jive and right on when it comes to social commentary. The villain of the book, a radical in the '60s, now writes bodice-ripping romances. ■

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Video

Fact vs. Fiction on "Reality TV"

New shows blur the line, raising ethics and aesthetics questions

In his 1979 movie *Real Life*, Albert Brooks plays a documentary filmmaker who spends weeks living with a "typical" American family, filming their every move. But his cinéma-vérité opus runs into trouble, and he decides to salvage it by creating a blockbuster ending: he sets their house on fire. So what, he reasons, if his real-life film suddenly turns fake: "What are they gonna do—put me in movie jail?"

Well, no one is about to be thrown into TV jail, but a new batch of shows is playing ever faster and looser with the line that separates fact and fiction. These specimens of "reality TV" come in two

ca's *Most Wanted* the highest-rated show on the Fox network's schedule is the tabloid sensationalism of its crime dramatizations. The hand-held camera, slow-motion scenes of violence, and point-of-view shots of the victim cowering or the murderer attacking might have been lifted straight from *Friday the 13th*. Equally unsettling is the juxtaposition of these lurid minidramas with the appearance of actual witnesses and victims (some of whom have even participated in the re-enactments). Were it not for the show's crime-fighting credentials, this might be called exploitation.

The video-vérité style of *America's Most Wanted* is duplicated in *The Street*,

dramas are exhibiting more fidelity to the facts. *The Trial of Bernhard Goetz*, airing this week on PBS's American Playhouse series, dramatizes the trial of New York City's subway gunman, with all the dialogue taken directly from court transcripts. But the literal approach is oddly unsettling: without any artistic leeway, the actors (including Peter Crombie as Goetz) seem merely pale imitations of their real-life counterparts.

The only way out of the fact-vs.-fiction morass may be satire, and that is why *Tanner '88* is a unique pleasure. The twice-monthly HBO series, directed by Robert Altman and written by Garry Trudeau, follows the campaign of one Jack Tanner, a fictional presidential candidate played by Michael Murphy. He has stumped on location in New Hampshire, spoken at fund raisers and debated strategy with campaign aides, exactly



Crombie as Bernhard Goetz; a suspect nabbed in a dramatization on *America's Most Wanted*; Candidate Murphy, with Reed, in *Tanner '88*

varieties: those that try to fashion drama out of real life and those that try to make drama look like real life. As the real and the fake get harder to tell apart, ethical and aesthetic questions get trickier.

Exhibit A is *America's Most Wanted*, the new Fox network series that tries to enlist viewers in tracking down criminals on the lam. Each half-hour episode showcases two or three crimes, with the emphasis on brutal rapes and murders. Witnesses and law-enforcement agents are interviewed, and the crime is shown in a dramatized "re-creation." Viewers are then urged to phone in any information on a toll-free hotline, while investigators stand by to pursue leads. Since its Feb. 7 debut, 13 suspects profiled on the show have been apprehended.

This is not the first time TV has ventured into real-life crime solving. NBC's occasional *Unsolved Mysteries* specials, for instance, have presented similar crime re-enactments (and helped catch five suspects). But doubtless, what makes *Ameri-*

a fictional series about Newark cops on the beat. The wandering camera and washed-out color give the syndicated show a home-movie look, and the plotless half hours are filled, realistically, with long stretches of small talk. But there are also silly interludes of outrageous comedy (a pair of cops cleaning up vomit in the backseat of their squad car try to figure out what the "little yellow things" are) and a rather smug assumption that anything the camera records, no matter how drably "real," is worth watching. It's not.

Real life is also becoming more popular as a subject. CBS's documentary series *48 Hours* provides behind-the-scenes glimpses of everything from airport congestion to Hollywood deal-making. Among the new shows coming next fall are *Group One Medical*, in which real patients and doctors will discuss medical problems in front of an eavesdropping camera, and *On Trial*, featuring excerpts from actual court proceedings. TV docu-

paralleling—and sometimes commenting on—the actual presidential race.

Tanner '88 has had fun trying to confuse the line between the real and the bogus: Tanner has crossed paths on the campaign trail, for instance, with legitimate candidates like Bob Dole and Pat Robertson. But Altman and Trudeau have gone beyond such gimmicks and turned their parallel world into a sly fun-house mirror. The show skewers a host of familiar political types, from the tough-as-nails campaign manager (Pamela Reed), who fends off late-night calls from Joe Kennedy Jr., to the overzealous staff cameraman, who dogs Tanner's every step with his whirling minicam. The candidate, meanwhile, is an earnest but wimpy liberal who quotes Adlai Stevenson at environmental rallies and wilts slowly under a shower of political advice ("You really need to define yourself in relation to the other candidates"). It looks, sounds and feels like the real thing. But it's flagrantly fake—and funny.

—By Richard Zoglin

Theater

Madonna Comes to Broadway

Speed-the-Plow
skewers Hollywood mores

A newly promoted movie executive strides purposefully around his office with a would-be producer tagging behind. At every step or two, the aspiring dealmaker histrionically kisses the mogul's hindquarters. Ostensibly this scene of ritual abasement between old, close friends is being staged for an audience of one, the mogul's new secretary. It is also a central metaphor in Broadway's hottest new hit, *Speed-the-Plow*, a foul-mouthed and ferociously funny slice of Hollywood life.

The show, which opened last week amid a hubbub of publicity, blends snob appeal with raw marquee value. The playwright, David Mamet, won a 1984 Pulitzer Prize for his previous Broadway effort, *Glengarry Glen Ross*, and has since become a hot film writer (*The Untouchables*) and director (*House of Games*). The shy but surprising secretary is played by Rock Star Madonna (*Material Girl*, *Like a Virgin*), whose program biography cites "13 consecutive top five recordings, bettered only by Elvis and the Beatles." While reviewers seemed transfixed by the question "Can she act?"—most said no—audiences seemed not to care. Advance sales promptly topped \$1 million.

In such stellar company, Co-Stars Joe Mantegna, a 1984 Tony Award winner for *Glengarry*, and Ron Silver, a movie and TV veteran (*Silkwood*, NBC's *Billionaire Boys Club*), might almost be an afterthought. In fact, the interaction between Mantegna as the mogul and Silver as a shameless huckster is the core of Mamet's pell-mell 88-minute play. Of all American playwrights, Mamet, 40, remains the shrewdest observer of the evil that men do unto each other in the name of buddyhood. Obsessed with the need for ethical debate, he nonetheless brings as much delight as despair to his portraits of panthers on the prowl, sharks in a feeding frenzy, business guys in suits. This may be partly because the characters are drawn from



Ethics, shmethics: Madonna, Silver and Mantegna debate what makes a movie

Mamet's real life in Hollywood. Part of last week's media furor about the play, in fact, was the assertion that Mantegna's role is based on Ned Tanen, head of production at Paramount, which made *The Untouchables*, while the obsequious producer is said to be a sketch of *Untouchables* Producer Art Linson, a self-described Silver look-alike. Says the apparently flattered Linson: "Mamet has to get his material somewhere."

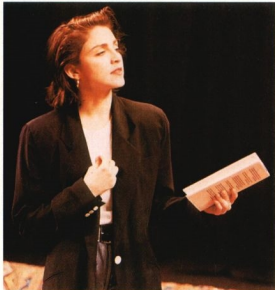
Mamet added to the production's mystique by declining all requests for interviews and refusing to explain the play's odd title. It appears to derive from a blessing in medieval verse and song, "God speed your plough." According to Silver,

it means approximately, "Do your work, and God will help you." Director Gregory Mosher, who has staged twelve of Mamet's plays and is one of his closest friends, suggests instead that the phrase "has to do with turning fresh earth—and of course there is a sexual pun."

By far the biggest hullabaloo, however, was generated by Madonna. Although she has darkened her hair, is costumed in almost pristine propriety and speaks in grave, restrained tones with no hint of her trademark teen defiance, her entrance halfway through the first act evokes immediate gasps of recognition. From there, opinion sharply divides. New York Times Critic Frank Rich hailed her for "intelli-

gent, scrupulously disciplined comic acting." Clive Barnes of the New York Post said, "There is a genuine, reticent charm here, but it is not ready to light the lamps on Broadway." But most first-nighters implied she had been hired for celebrity rather than talent. The New York Daily News headlined its lead review NO, SHE CAN'T ACT. Dennis Cunningham of WCBS-TV not only lambasted Madonna on the air but also later attacked Rich for praising her: "Frank has taken leave of his senses. He should apologize to every actor he has ever given a bad review to." Cunningham described himself as "in a righteous rage," and said he would seek a meeting with Mosher and Mamet to protest the casting.

Madonna, 28, who has made five films—to raves for *Desperately Seeking Susan* and pans for *Shanghai Surprise*, with her husband, Actor Sean Penn—greeted



Angel or whore? A rock star debuts with calculated indecision

her tumultuous stage debut with outward calm. In an interview with *TIME* she said, "They always say horrible things about me. They'll be saying those things for the rest of my life." Then she joked about inviting one of her harshest critics to her birthday party. While everyone involved in the show acknowledges that she has helped at the box office, Director Mosher says her notoriety cuts both ways: "You don't want a play that you have worked on for five years to be overshadowed by a rock star."

Madonna says her role in *Speed-the-Plow* stemmed indirectly from a letter she wrote to Mamet in September 1987, praising *House of Games*. "It was the first movie I had seen in a long time that had stimulating language," she says. "I didn't feel it had been written for the masses. So I wrote my first fan letter." A few months later, she heard about Mamet's play through veteran Director Mike Nichols, and contacted Mosher, with whom she and Penn had worked in a nonpublic, workshop staging of David Rabe's play *Goose and Tom-Tom*.

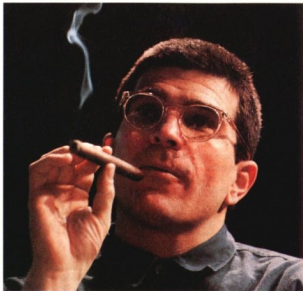
That led to two multi-hour auditions and, later, what Mosher calls "small but significant rewrites during rehearsal" to accommodate the part to her. Adds Mosher: "Madonna brings a backbone of steel. Mamet made the character, rather than a poor soul who is battered to the ground, someone about whom there is an element of doubt." Indeed, the play's pivotal question is the true nature of her role, the smallest of the three but the engine of the plot. Says Mosher: "The audience is meant to go out asking one another: Is she an angel? Is she a whore?"

Where is precisely the term the two men in the play use to describe themselves: they are not creators of films or even fans of films but enablers of films, and they pride themselves on letting projects advance or die based solely on commercial potential. Mantegna's character, so newly installed in executive splendor that his office furniture is still covered with painters' drop cloths, solemnly explains that a quarter-century in show business has given him a certain wisdom. The cardinal rule, he says, is not to accept percentages of net profit because there is never, ever, a net. Then he muses aloud about whether there could ever be such a thing as a successful film that did not make money and announces, solemnly, that there cannot. At the outset, Silver's character is pitching a violent prison film starring a "bankable" macho star. At the end, he and the Mantegna character are on their way to meet with the next executive layer for final approval.

The plot, such as it is, turns on the attempts of the Madonna character to interpose her own project, an adaptation of a

high-flown allegorical novel about the risks of living in an overly technologized world. The opaque and overwrought passages that she quotes sound unfilmable. Yet even if the text is driven—and it resonates that way from the stage—its search for meaning touches some inarticulate longing in the secretary who is given it to read and, eventually, in her boss, who for a while joins her quixotic crusade. He starts out trying to seduce her on a bet and ends up considering a move that will surely destroy his career. Like many a cheap-jack hustler, he momentarily finds religion. But his faith in the book, and the woman who made him believe in it, seems to be still more illusions to be stripped away.

Mamet has said that his screenwriting, beginning with *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1981) and including his Oscar-nominated script for *The Verdict* (1982),



Playwright Mamet: tripping in, and trashing, Tinseltown
Quicksilver language, sly manipulation and infinite trickery.

"forced on me the issue of plot." He acknowledged to friends that *Glengarry* was the first of his plays to have anything resembling a workable second act. But *Speed-the-Plow* has two huge holes in its narrative. First, the effort to persuade Mantegna's character to believe in the book takes place almost entirely offstage. Second, right up to the end it is impossible to tell whether the book is brilliance or bilge. If it is the former, then the ending is uncommercially tragic. If the latter, then the ending is a foregone conclusion and, however brief, takes too long in coming.

Madonna's awkward, indecisive characterization seems calculated to help paper over those gaps and sustain suspense by keeping the audience from reaching conclusions. Thus the question "Can she act?" cannot be answered. The shrewdness in her performance is clear, but so, alas, is her thinking process: she lacks ease and naturalness. Mantegna, by contrast, superbly manages his character's

clashing mental states. Silver is captivating, especially in a second-act tantrum that is equal parts rage, hurt, con-artist scam and genuine grief at a betrayal.

For Mamet fans, *Speed-the-Plow* will recall many of the pleasures of *Glengarry*. Both center on salesmen who have no skill except persuasion, no talent but for heightened, theatrical speech and naked yet manipulative emotional outbursts. Although Mamet is highly literary—he reads widely, and the script for *Speed-the-Plow* has an epigraph from Thackeray's *Pendennis*—few of his witticisms translate well into print, because he does not write rounded, formal speeches. The movie men in *Speed-the-Plow*, much like the thugs in *American Buffalo* (1975), the actors in *A Life in the Theater* (1977) and the singles-bar habitués of *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, erupt naturally in fragments, in repetitions, in overlapping counterpoint of threats and expostulations and profuse four-letter words. Their conversation sounds authentic, yet is so idiosyncratic to its author that a couple of minutes suffice to identify it as his. This quicksilver gift of language, joined with an almost infinite slyness about the tricky uses to which words can be put, makes Mamet a superb entertainer. He is a sort of American version of Harold Pinter, but funnier, raunchier and with a keener sense of the particularities of time and place.

What is troubling in his work is a moral ambiguity that verges on cynicism, coupled with a high-minded tone that verges on sanctimony. In *The Untouchables* he claimed the authority of history to invent a fictitiously murderous Eliot Ness and, worse, a guilty plea made for Al Capone by his attorney against the mobster's will. That is something that could not happen in any court still observing the fundamentals of the Constitution. In *Speed-the-Plow* Mamet makes the unastonishing revelation that movie moguls are venal and pandering. Perhaps he means to prick spectators' consciences by holding them responsible for the box-office triumph of trivia over moral concern.

But just as the audience and, seemingly, the playwright himself cannot decide whether the laughable-sounding book under consideration is insight or eyewash, so it is hard to say whether *Speed-the-Plow* is an outcry against Hollywood or a cynical apology from a man who, in real life, is finishing one Hollywood film and about to start another. Mamet has said that by being oblique, even obscure, he forces spectators to think. At least some playgoers, however, yearn for a writer straightforward enough to have the courage of his own convictions.

—By William A. Henry III
Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland/New York

Essay

Lance Morrow

The Five-and-Dime Charms of Astrology

Astrology has something frowsty about it. It comes to the door in hair curlers. It looks through the screen with squint-shrewd eyes. The caller who rang the doorbell stares in at crackpot mystery in the half-light, and senses there a kind of disreputable plausibility. The dogs on the porch get restless and sink away. A universe of surreal connections unfolds.

What next? A little magic. Astrology, a radiance in pink housecoat and mules, looking eerily like Shirley MacLaine, dances from the shadows, out the door, and floats into a previous life. That's entertainment.

Astrology was once a statelier business. It was a transaction that occurred between emperors and the absolute. The pageants of the zodiac projected themselves upon the lives of kings. The earth was at the center of the universe. Berossus, the high priest of Babylon, would climb the spiral ramp of the great ziggurat at night and ask the stars if the time was ripe to move against the Assyrians. Frederick II would not sleep with his wife, or Lorenzo de' Medici build his country house, until their astrologers prescribed the days and times for doing so.

Astrology had a sheer mythic size, a consequence that could make Caesar or Lear look up to the heavens. The skies were full of promises and dangers. In February of 1524, Europeans lived in terror that a conjunction of all the planets in the watery sign of Pisces would bring a deluge.

Astrology was the machinery of the universe. All the details of the world were wired to the vibrations of the heavens. The membranes of history thrummed to astral music. How cozy that stars and planets should intervene so intimately on earth.

But in its modern incarnation, astrology has become both charming and ridiculous. Somehow the old portentous shrinks down toward the bathos of the fortune cookie and the UFO. The earth is not the center of the universe. Democracy has a hard time sustaining the cosmic drama—the stars must busy themselves with the fates of hairdressers as well as rulers. Astrology degenerates to advice that runs on the feature page slightly to the left of *Garfield* and the *Wizard of Id*.

The Reagan's enthusiasm for astrology comes as a small, slightly goofy revelation, an old Hollywood side of them that has turned up in Washington, a detail endearing and unbidden and embarrassing. Ronald Reagan has always been a lucky man. Perhaps he and his wife find that the zodiac is a means to codify, organize and predict his luck. Movie stars are suckers for astrology, partly because their business is even less rational than the rest of American life. Great egos need great horoscopes.



The pedigree of astrology in ancient times had a certain splendor. But astrology has been intellectually weightless since Isaac Newton. Yet it accomplished a miraculous revival around the turn of the century. King Edward VII (Scorpio) and Enrico Caruso (Pisces) consulted astrologers. The '60s, the dawning of the Age of Aquarius, brought in the great age of astral tourism.

Astrology retains its odd seductive powers, like the light from a dead star. Human nature loves the inside track. The American character alternates between Ahab and Starbuck—the grandiose obsessive and the commonsense skeptic. Astrology plays to the Ahab. It offers a seeing of the unseen, and

hears pitches of significance that the ear cannot detect. An elaborate counterworld whispers its order into the human mess.

Today the crystals of the New Age glisten. Alien life-forms taxi in upon the mystic Nazca landing strips of the Andes. The stones at Stonehenge are the cuff links of the gods. Ronald Reagan is an Aquarian, and by the astrological rules, we are in for 2,000 more years of that age.

Saul Bellow once wrote that everyone needs memories. They keep "the wolf of insignificance from the door." Sometimes astrology is better than memory at defeating the wolves of the meaningless. The zodiac rains down portents. The fillings of astrology's teeth pick up radio stations from Mars, with their Gypsy music.

It is hard to tune in to the odd little frequency in the Reagans that beams in the astrological. Or difficult to know how to respond to it—if it requires response. Astrology is harmless, it is an entertainment. Whatever its former glories, it seems now a five-and-dime glimpse of the cosmos. Still, astrology has a certain sideling, irrational prestige. Life is more interesting when the horoscope arouses the mind for a moment with a promise or a warning, when it seems that a universal order is at work and that one can manipulate fate by reading the signs. Of course, as the astronomer Carl Sagan points out, in a reduction to absurdity, the gravitational pull of the obstetrician would have far greater influence at a child's birth than the tug of a distant planet. Still, one hungers for the mystic connection, the enveloping weave of synchronicities.

The Christian, who believes in divine providence, is bound to reject the idea that the motions of stars and planets govern human affairs. The Fundamentalist wonders what such a muscular Christian as Reagan is up to when he entertains the false gods of ancient Babylon.

But perhaps Reagan's astrology is merely the metaphysical equivalent of his jelly beans.



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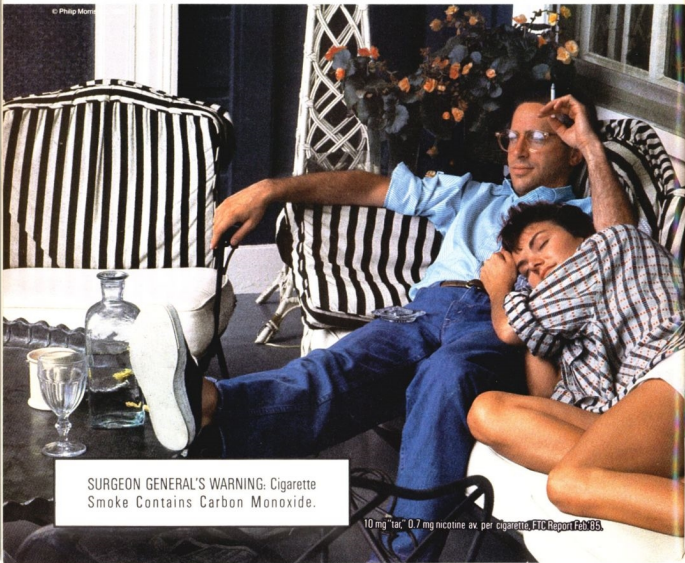
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